

WORTH WHILE.

Can the flower look upward and lovelier grow?
Comes not more than mere color with life's overflow?
Come not sweetest of odors to float through the breeze?
With the long days of summer amid the green trees?
Can the river forget the spring in the height
Where men's gleams, mountain-like, glistering and white?
Does not infancy fasten its touch on the boy
Is not man more a man for the earlier joy?
Oh! flowers that look upward, oh! rivers and trees,
Ye mountains in distance, what messages—these—
Tell the old story, the story of life,
Sometimes a carnival, sometimes a strife;
But out of the fighting as out of the earth,
The buds of rejoicing and victory have birth.

Is not sleep the sweeter that soothes weary eyes?
Are not stars the brighter that shine from dark skies?
Is not living best lived that most of life is?
Is not life of life that is nearest to this—
Nearest His whose life is the truest of all?
The life that is light with no darkness at all?
Nearest His whose life is the light and the way,
Whose milestone is this—"I am with you always."

Oh! sleep of the weary who slumber awhile,
Oh! stars for above us that sparkle and smile,
Ye are singing a song, the song of the soul
That, fettered so oft, yet speeds towards its goal.
Man's spirit immortal gains highest of skies
Whose wings most are tried ere upwards he flies.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

"I can't imagine, Estelle, how you came to be so decidedly plain; beauty is rather a characteristic of our family." Here Marc Darcy glanced with a satisfied air at his handsome face reflected in an opposite mirror, while a slight flush arose to the dark, almost swarthy, cheek of the young girl seated vis-a-vis to him, and the delicately shaped hands trembled slightly as they sought to continue the work they were occupied with.

"I believe you favor your father?" continued the gentleman.

"Yes, I am like my father. He was not handsome, but so noble, so good. I was so proud of him. I never thought about his looks. I am sorry, more for your sake than mine, that I am not beautiful. Your wife should be, but Marc—" with a quick, impulsive motion, the young girl bent down beside her betrothed and hid her lips caressingly to his hand, adding:

"You will not love me the less? You who are so handsome, who could have chosen from so many, yet asked me to be your wife. You are all the world to me, Marc. No one could love you more than I."

With rather an uneasy laugh, Marc Darcy, placing his arm about his companion, replied:

"Tears, Estelle? Why, what has come over you? It just happened to strike me that it was rather strange you were not as beautiful as the rest of the women in our family, but then you have some redeeming points. Pretty eyes and good teeth—no small item toward good looks, I can assure you, my dear."

A pleased look crossed Estelle's face at the last words of her intended, and twining both arms about his neck she said:

"And you don't mind it so very much if I am plain? You will always love me?"

"Of course I shall," came the reply, as Marc kissed her lightly on the forehead, adding, half laughingly:

"Perhaps, Estelle, I shall put your love to the test some day. Will it fail me, I wonder?"

Raising her head from its resting place upon Marc's shoulder, Estelle's eyes sought his.

There was a strange intensity in their dark depths as she answered slowly, as if weighing each word:

"I do not think you quite understand me, or my love for you, Marc. It is as the breath of my life, yet if ever I came to believe that it was for your happiness for me to give you up, I would do so at any cost to myself."

Before Marc could reply, Estelle had passed quickly from the room.

With a shrug of his shoulders, he selected a cigarette from a handsomely-embroidered case, thinking:

"What a strange girl Estelle is. She is right. I don't believe I do understand her, poor little thing, how earnest she is. I should not have spoken about her plainness; but there it is, there is no denying it. However, as she is to be my wife, I suppose I shall have to make the best of it. I'll buy her the handsomest bracelet I can find for a peace-offering."

Marc Darcy was an only son. Handsome as an Adonis, with a fascinating manner, which, when he chose to exercise it, few could resist. Mrs. Darcy had been left a widow with considerable property, but her son's extravagant drains upon her purse had greatly reduced her income.

Marc was not by any means a bad fellow, but simply selfishly indulgent toward himself. Estelle Merten was the daughter of a cousin of Mrs. Darcy's. On the death of her father, which occurred about eighteen months before her story opened, Estelle had taken up her abode at Sunnyside, the home of Mrs. Darcy. Aunt Margaret, as Estelle always called her, was her only relative, and had made the orphan girl very welcome, being a kind-hearted woman, although somewhat narrow-minded, with but one engrossing idea—her son.

Estelle had been an inmate of Mrs. Darcy's home only a few weeks before the thought came to the widow, how nice it would be if Marc and Estelle should fall in love with each other! Marc's debts were pressing heavily upon her. Estelle could so easily pay them off out of her large fortune, for she was an heiress. As Estelle's husband, Marc's future would be provided for, and when her time came she would

die, feeling she had done well for her boy.

Estelle was a passionate admirer of beauty, and, almost ere she was conscious of it, she loved Marc with her whole soul, and Marc at his mother's instigations had carelessly drifted into the situation of Estelle's lover.

Of too noble a nature to see aught but the good in others, Estelle never dreamed that it might be her money, and not herself, that had induced Marc, and to choose her for his wife. Some few weeks after the opening of our story found Mrs. Darcy and Estelle seated at breakfast. Marc had run up to town for a day or two. As Estelle returned a letter she had just been reading to its envelope, Mrs. Darcy remarked:

"From your friend, is it not, dear?" Does she say when we may expect her?"

"Yes, she writes we may look for her to-morrow, by the 2:40 train. Oh! aunt! think how sad it is for her, left alone so young; only 17, and obliged to earn her own living. I am so glad you are willing I should ask her here for a few weeks. She is so bright and pretty. I cannot imagine Inez being so sorrowful. We will try and make it very pleasant for her, won't we, aunt?"

"Of course, my dear," answered Mrs. Darcy. "I always wish to make my guests happy and comfortable," and thus the subject was dismissed for then.

The following week Marc arrived one afternoon at home. In his careless manner, he had omitted to send word of his return; consequently Mrs. Darcy and Estelle were out, returning calls.

Learning this from one of the servants, Marc made his way to the west drawing-room, the coziest room in the house. Opening the door, he stood transfixed upon its threshold. A young girl was reclining, fast asleep, on the bear-skin rug before the glowing fire. One dimpled arm, bare to the elbow, was thrown carelessly above her head, while one tiny hand rested under the baby chin. Soft, downy hair curled in golden rings about the white forehead and fair neck.

With an exclamation of surprise, Marc turned to go; at which a pair of bewildered blue eyes opened and gazed questioning at him. Then hastily springing from her recumbent position, the young girl stood blushing before him.

As Marc made his apologies, she interrupted with:

"Oh! I know. You are the gentleman Estelle is engaged to; then I don't mind. It's not so bad as if you had been a stranger. How you scared me. Here one little dimple, then another, crept forth, till a merry peal of laughter rippled through the room, in which Marc joined.

When Mrs. Darcy and Estelle returned they found Inez, for it was she, and Marc chatting away like old friends.

In spite of Inez's recent loss, which dated only two months back, her childish, mirth-loving nature could take no hold of sorrow. Her tears were like April showers, quickly over. True, she had known but little of her father, having spent most of her life at boarding-school. Mr. Cline had been a selfish, pleasure-loving man, who took but little thought of his motherless child; lived close up to his income, leaving Inez penniless at his death.

The pretty morning dress Inez wore she owed to Estelle's generosity.

The weeks slipped by, and still Inez remained a guest at Sunnyside. At first she talked a good deal of going out as governess, but later on she ceased to do so.

Somehow Estelle and Marc were very seldom alone these days. Inez, with her pretty, helpless ways, contrived to monopolize a great deal of Marc's time. Yet Estelle was pleased that it should be so.

In her noble heart there was no room for jealousy. No thought that Inez, with her sunny, kittenish ways, might win her lover from her. Her faith and trust in Marc were perfect.

The wedding day drew nigh. Inez was to be bridesmaid, and then Estelle with her warm impulsive nature had proposed that she should accompany them to Europe on their bridal tour, and Inez had clapped her hands like a child, exclaiming:

"Oh, if I only could! How I should like it!" Mrs. Darcy, wiser than the rest, perhaps, had judged it best for Inez to remain with her; but Inez had pouted and come as near showing temper as such a weak little creature could, and had gained her way.

It was decided that she should accompany the bridal pair.

Marc and Estelle were man and wife, and the steamer was bearing them on toward England's shores. Inez, too sick to move and wishing herself back on land, was in her state-room, with her thoughtful Estelle tending and petting her, rewarding her husband with a fond smile whenever he came to inquire after the sick girl. How good of him, Estelle thought, when he so disliked the sight of sickness or anything unpleasant.

It was Marc who carried Inez on deck and arranged the rugs and pillows, bearing with her whims when Estelle grew almost indignant at her friend's peevishness toward her husband.

One evening Estelle, suffering from a severe headache, retired early to her state-room, but finding the air below very close she returned to the deck. Seeking her husband and Inez she drew near the wheel-house. Suddenly she paused and stood still as if turned to stone. In the shadow of the wheel-house were her husband and Inez. Inez's golden head lay upon his breast, and there was a fond ring to Marc's tones that Estelle had never heard before as he uttered these words:

"For God's sake stop crying, little one! You will drive me mad. You know that I love you as I never loved Estelle, but I was forced to marry her. If I had been rich then I could have pleased myself, but as it was it would have been simply folly."

No cry escaped the lips of the woman whose loving heart had been crushed by these words of her husband, only as she blindly groped her way back to the cabin she thought, "He never loved

me—it was only my money," seemed to stab itself into her heart.

Fighting with her despair, the stricken woman cried out, unselfish even in her agony:

"Marc! Marc! my husband! I would make you happy if I could!" They were nearing their journey's end, and Marc had perceived no difference in his wife. His thoughts were elsewhere. Had they not been he would have seen how pale and thin she had grown, and that never of her own accord did her lips caress him.

Then came the night when they were startled from their sleep by the cry of danger.

Women shrieked and clasped their little ones to their breasts, while men, white to the lips, hurried on deck to be driven back by the wild fierceness of the storm. Waves like gigantic mountains hurled themselves against the ship, under which she staggered and reeled and righted herself again, only to be struck down anew.

Valiantly the good boat fought her fight against the deep. Mast after mast was torn away, till she lay bare, trembling like a wounded human, at the mercy of the angry waters. She had sprung a leak. All night the men worked at the pumps, cheered by their brave captain, who told them they must be close to the Dover cliffs, and they might yet all reach the shore in safety.

Inez clung trembling to Marc, while Estelle, calm and collected, moved about amongst the women, helping with a ready hand.

Little children grew quiet at her touch, and mothers ceased to bewail their fate.

Marc never forgot the pale grandeur of his wife's face as she passed to and fro amongst all the confusion.

Towards dawn the storm abated somewhat, but a dense fog enveloped them like a shroud.

At last the order was given to man the lifeboats. Sobbing women and frightened children were quickly lifted over the ship's side; while warm-hearted sailors bade them cheer up, for land was close at hand.

As they lowered the last boat Estelle, laying her hand upon her husband's arm, said:

"Marc, if anything should happen to me, I want you to believe that my greatest wish was for your happiness. You once said that perhaps some day you would put my love to the test. You wondered if it would fail you. It shall not fail you. Marc, my husband, kiss me just once—as if you loved me."

"Estelle! my wife, I—" and Marc clasped his wife to his heart with something of the love that should have been hers from the first. For a moment she clung to him; then gently withdrawing herself from his arms, she said:

"See, Inez is faint. Take care of her. I am strong—now. I can see to myself."

The little crowd pressed eagerly forward, and were rapidly lowered to their places. The captain was the last to quit the ship. With one last look round to see that none were left, he drew his hand quickly across his eyes to dash away the tears that would come at the thought of the fate of the good ship that had carried him in safety for many a year. Then, dropping into the boat, he gave the word to pull off.

In the darkness and hurry none had missed the gentle woman who had comforted them all in their hour of need. Estelle's husband, to do him justice, believed her safe in the boat with them all; but, instead, she stood alone upon the deck of the now fast sinking ship, her eyes trying to pierce the darkness that hid the man she loved better than her life forever from her sight.

Alone, no, not quite. Something touched her hand. It was Carlo, her husband's great Newfoundland dog. Patting him, she pointed to the water and bade him go; but he only whined and licked her hand. Then Estelle knelt down upon the deck and drew his head resting upon her faithful friend's shaggy coat awaited her fate. Almost at the same moment as the last life-boat was drawn up on the beach by eager, willing hands, the great ship, with one heavy toss, went down into the mighty deep, and Marc Darcy learned too late the value of a true woman's love.

Can't say at Home.

The politeness depends on no rules, written or spoken. There is an Oriental legend of a poor Arab, who on going through the desert, met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from the sweet well in the wilderness seemed, in his simple mind, a fit present to the Caliph. So he filled the leather bottle, and, after a weary tramp, laid his gift at his sovereign's feet. The monarch called for a cup and drank freely, and then with a smile, thanked the Arab, and presented him with a magnificent reward. The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water which was regarded as worth such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the Caliph forbade them to touch a drop. Then, after the simple-hearted giver left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch explained his motive of prohibition. "During the long journey the water in his leather bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake, lest the heart of the poor man would be wounded." Whether or not our courtesy would equal that of the Arab we all instinctively applaud no noble an instance of courtesy.

"I don't care, said a South Side lady, 'who succeeds General Sheridan in command of this department. We can get along without the little soldier, for he is so silly that you never know he is about. But tell me, how are we to get along without those cherub twins of his. There isn't another Sheridan spoken of to succeed General Sheridan who has twins."

House Furnishing.

A lady of limited means, but of rare taste, whose touch molded almost everything into something beautiful, and whose success in all practical matters pertaining to everyday home life made her an oracle to the young and inexperienced, recently said: "I have never coveted any lady's jewels, silks and laces, or even her position in society; but I am afraid I have sadly broken the Tenth commandment when I have seen the beautiful, well-ordered homes of my friends, where every department seemed complete and filled with all that could be desired for health, comfort and beauty." There are thousands of ladies with the same longings, and who, if they have an extra five dollars, would much rather spend it for home decoration than on dress for themselves. It is possible with limited income to make a very modest home more attractive than a much richer one, and its influence on the family, especially upon children, cannot be estimated. Such a home does more to form the character for good than the teachings or discipline of parents. We would like occasionally to help those trying to make pleasant, cheery homes, who have not the means to employ a professional decorator, but who own heads and hands and design and do all. For their comforts we would say: A home where the furnishing of each room has been thought out, and perhaps worked out by mother and daughters, has a value to father and sons far beyond one committed to some stranger to "furnish throughout as stylish as possible," at any cost. Its influence does not cease when it is broken up, but reaches down through generations in other homes.

Harmony of color is of the first importance in furnishing. Not that carpet, walls, curtains, chairs, etc., should be of the same color; that would make a room cold and uninviting. There should be two or three colors in a room but these should harmonize. If one is conscious that she has no eye for color, she should consult some one of known taste before purchasing articles which, although by themselves might be desirable, would perhaps if placed with others spoil the effect of the whole, and be a disappointment to be endured for years. A carpet, for instance, should not be purchased without considering what the color of the paint is; and so of the sofa and chairs, if they are upholstered. A carpet is like the background of a picture; it brings into effect the whole. Styles for carpets have entirely changed within a few years. Patterns of huge bouquets of impossible flowers used to be seen almost everywhere; now a very small, set figure, so small as to look almost like a plain color at a little distance, is in much better taste. This may be enlivened by a border of bright colors. The lovely pearl and gray grounds, with vines or tracery of a darker shade, and bright borders of Persian patterns are very desirable and look well with almost everything. The fashion of staining floors black-walnut color for a yard or more around the walls, and having a square of bordered carpet in the center, is gaining ground and much liked for the pretty style and the convenience of taking it up for cleaning. There are now plain, ingrain carpets, in solid colors, called "dining," which are used around the center rugs, instead of staining the floor. We have seen parlors carpeted with dark, turquoise-blue dining, with Persian rugs over them, not in any set or regular order. The effect was very good.

Curtains are a very important part of furnishing. Of course there must be shades. There ought to be drapery, however simple; no one thing adds more to the pleasant cheery look of a room. Shades are now rarely white, but tinted, either gray, cream or old gold color. They should never be of a very deep shade. Many use red for the dining-room, but that color is better suited to some public place. A fringe about two and one-half inches wide finishes the bottom. For drapery there are many beautiful and artistic patterns in Nottingham lace, which is low-priced and durable. They may be selected to look so like real lace that they can hardly be distinguished from it. The yellowish tint should be chosen and in light patterns. Linen scrim with inserting and edging of guipure lace, is always handsome. Simple cheese cloth, plain or figured muslin, or cretonne, are all pretty. Heavy fabrics should be used only in large and richly furnished rooms. They may be used with good effect for portieres, to hide or replace a door, or to separate rooms. Heavy lambrequins are not in style. Curtains are hung with rings on poles of brass or wood, and the lambrequin, if it is straight across, narrow or broad, embroidered or trimmed with fringe, or it may be a simple plaiting. Mantel lambrequins are a plain scarf across the front, with decorated ends hanging low. There is often, as a background for ornaments above the mantel, a curtain, plain or plaited, of the material of the lambrequin, about half a yard wide, hung upon a rod with rings. This may be of velvet paper, headed by a narrow gilt molding. Halls are no longer the barren entrances to the home, but are a part of it. Old and quaint chairs look well here, and if there is a window, a drapery curtain with a large plant on a small stand is very pretty. An ornamental umbrella stand is often seen in halls, instead of the old heavy marble top stand.

The Woman-Husband.

A correspondent at Waupun, got a carriage recently and started on a search for Frank Dubois and Gertrude Fuller, finding them after much trouble at the Bristow farm-house. Repeated knocks brought Mr. Bristow to the door, who admitted the correspondent into the sitting-room. The couple were notified that company was awaiting their appearance below, but they refused to be seen. Arguments were brought to bear, however, which finally resulted in their appearance. Dubois was without a coat, and appeared to be a slender, effeminate person. She is 4 feet, 11 inches in height, weighs about 100 pounds, and has broad hips, a full

chest, short arms and very small and slender hands and feet. The woman known as Mrs. Dubois—Gertrude Fuller—is apparently about 17 years old, about Dubois' height, and is rather a pretty blonde, with dark hair. She was in tears and appeared greatly distressed when the question of her husband's sex was mentioned. Dubois was uneasy and cast nervous glances toward the door, and the small hands were worked and twisted in apparent mental agony. Her features, small and delicate, and her face, smooth and hairless, appeared to be those of a lad of 19 years. Wrinkles under the eyes, teeth badly decayed, and one or two gray hairs suggested the possibility that she might be a woman of 40 years. Dubois stoutly persisted that she was a man.

"Oh, Frank, for God's sake, tell all and have it over at this moment!" exclaimed the young and pretty wife, tears streaming down her face. Dubois looked toward her with trembling lip, and in a moment burst into tears. "It is true," she said at last, then endeavored to leave the room, but she was finally induced to tell her story. She said she was really Mrs. Hudson, and had tired of her husband and family, and determined to lose all identity as a wife and mother by assuming the guise of a man.

"My husband," said the female husband, "went to Illinois last spring. I immediately assumed male attire and went to Waupun, where I had previously met and admired Gertrude Fuller. I courted her, and we were married—she not knowing me to be a woman until the night after the ceremony was performed. I then induced her to keep silent, which she has done. While living with my husband, I helped him support the family—peddling soap and compounding extracts, which I disposed of. I was thus led to depend upon myself, and when I took upon my shoulders the support of Gertrude, I felt fully able to carry the burden. I painted, painted, and made and sold extracts, and we were happy. We were preparing to move to Elgin, Illinois, when my husband came upon the scene. After he came to the house, I concealed myself for the time and then took the train for Brandon, Gertrude remaining at the house of a friend, and following on Tuesday to Brandon, where we stopped at the house of an acquaintance, coming here on Tuesday evening. I will not return to live with Hudson, and propose to wear pants and smoke, and earn my living as a man."

Mrs. Dubois, or, more properly, Gertrude Fuller, appeared utterly heartbroken, sobbing continuously during the recital of the story. She, however, confirmed the statement. She said her parent resided in Waupun, where her father and brother were engaged in the nursery business. She had married Frank Dubois, or Mrs. Hudson, and had on the night of their marriage, discovered that her husband was of her own sex. They had agreed to live together and had done so. It was an affair of their own and nobody was concerned but themselves. They proposed to go to Fon du Lac and arrange to move to Illinois as was intended, when the sensational story was started that the parties were both women.

Notwithstanding the apparent frankness of the statement made by both parties, there is evidently something connected which they will not make public except when compelled to do so by the strong arm of the law. Mrs. Hudson as the husband, wields a powerful influence over the young girl, who is wedded, not to a wife—an influence far more powerful than would be possible for one woman to wield over another unless stronger ties bound them together than those existing between the Hudson woman and Gertrude Fuller. The couple expressed a determination to go to Fon du Lac immediately.

The Figaro.

The Figaro, of Paris, is a mighty power on the continent of Europe. Its earlier years were years of struggle and poverty, but its profits last year were over \$500,000. No journalist has a bolder, more talented editorial staff, and no paper is more widely quoted, praised and blamed. M. De Villemessant, a born journalist, was the founder of the Figaro. For a long time he was editor-in-chief, head reporter and business manager of his journal. When he died this work was parceled out among three men, Magnard, Perivier and Rodays. To these three men De Villemessant said on his dying bed: "Always make up the paper as though you knew I was going to read it the next morning." The placing of this tripartite at the head of the Figaro was a wise selection. Magnard originated the piquant epitome headed "Paris from Day to Day," a column made up of many articles condensed from the newspapers of the preceding day. Each paragraph is short, terse and to the point—the quintessence of common sense and condensation. Magnard's leaders are signed "P. M." and never exceed forty lines of long primer. This phenomenal journalist is a man the size and build of General Grant, and is apparently about 44 years of age. He is highly educated, a severe judge of "copy," and is withal a very pleasant gentleman. The staff of editorial writers is quite numerous. One of the writers, M. Wolff, earns as much as \$15,000 a year. He is the dramatic critic. On this journal reporters receive from six to twenty cents a line. The editorial rooms are fitted up with every luxury and convenience, embracing fencing rooms, card tables, etc. An American would not consider the Figaro a great newspaper, but it certainly displays more enterprise in the collection of news than any other journal in Europe. It goes everywhere, and is read with as much pleasure on our Pacific coast, in South America, and the Cape of Good Hope, in short, all over the civilized world, as it is in the Parisian cafes.

QUAIL ON TOAST.—Brown the birds either in salad oil or butter, mix a tablespoonful of flour among them and brown that, then cover them with boiling water, season them highly with salt, pepper, cloves and mace, and stew them fifteen minutes; melt in a tablespoonful of butter for ever two small birds, and serve on toast.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices. Energy well directed never misses the mark.

Man must become wise by his own experience.

Six days of labor make the seventh comfortable.

What a rich man uses and gives constitutes his wealth.

A man's wisdom is his best friend, folly his worst enemy.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

He that doeth nothing, hath little time for anything else.

Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Heaven will be the sweet surprise of a perfect explanation.

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors.

Eccentricity is often used as a high-sounding title for a fool.

Luck is first lieutenant in the company of Captain Success.

People who have more polish than principle, use it lavishly.

Lay thy plans with prudence, and be prepared for emergencies.

What we need is to pray—not work up a philosophy of prayer.

Do all the good in thy power, and let every action be useful.

Zeal without knowledge is like expedition to a man in the dark.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self.

Be diligent in thy business, and strictly upright in thy dealings.

Cultivate thy mind carefully; it will be a store of pleasing reflection.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in time of storm.

Knives will thrive where honest plainness knows not how to live.

In all difficulties be patient, and overcome them by perseverance.

It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable to us.

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength.

Pride is seldom delicate; it will please itself with every mean advantage.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.

Our actions must clothe us with an immortality loathsome or glorious.

There is always a spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to preserve happiness.

The virtue which requires forever to be guarded is scarce worth the sentinel.

A man without ambition is like dough without leaven to make it raise.

A round of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make things square.

To be happy we must be true to nature, and carry our age along with us.

Be not sorry if men do not know you, but be sorry if you are ignorant of men.

A silent hour under the stars may whisper to you great thoughts of eternity.

The largest liberty that can ever be given to any man is the liberty to do right.

It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults.

The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things.

Eternity is needed to adjust the inequalities of time; the good man cannot lose by dying.

A humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning.

A failure establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough.

Thought is the property of him who can enter it, and of him who can adequately place it.

Intemperance in aims is the source of many of the life-failures, which we constantly witness.

If ye do well, to your own behoof will ye do it; and if ye do evil, against yourselves will ye do it.

She who will not reason is a bigot; she who cannot is a fool, and she who dares not is a slave.

Let us learn to appreciate and value at their true price the little blessings that come to us daily.

The effects of no man's sins terminate with himself; often he involves others in his own ruin.

Show me a people whose trade is dishonest, and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham.

The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of torture may place under it.

LULLABY.

Board of dew
The honey bee gives over;
Near her ewe
The lamb neds in the clover,
Couch the knee
On mother earth's broad breast;
Close to mine
Rest, weary wee one, rest.

Hallowed hour
Of nature's holiest hush,
Sleeps the flower
On every stem and bush;
In dusk's rose
A horned moon's sawing;
Sweet eyes close,
Star eyes are glistening.

With droop'd lids
Come downy owlets forth—
Katydids,
The cricket and the moth
Dream-gods of bliss
These, dreams of beauty bring,
Not-land's guest
To not-land hurrying.

Trails her lamp
The glow-worm through the dark;
That frail tramp
The firefly, flaunts her spark—
Everywhere
Wee heads to hearts are pressed
Wing takes care,
Rest, weary wee one, rest.

MASQUERADING.

Mrs. Symes Symington was engaged in smoothing down the nap of her jetty velvet poultaine with her pretty, white, plump hand, on the fore finger of which sparkled a cluster diamond ring, on the third finger clung a plain, heavy wedding ring.

She was a plump, rosy little lady, not so tall by a head as the handsome young fellow who called her "mother," and in whom her whole heart's affections were centered, and to whom she was at this present administering as severe a reproof as she ever had found occasion to do.

Naughty, headstrong Cleve listened very respectfully, as he leaned his head on his hand and his elbow on the mantel-piece, with an air that demonstrated the perfect uselessness of the arguments his lady mother advanced. Then when she paused in triumphant breathlessness—breathless because of her long sentences, and triumphant because she certainly accepted Cleve's silence as the consent she aspired to securing.

After this Cleve smiled—so sweetly, coolly, right in her face.

"But I shall marry little Birdie Lorne, mamma—that is, if she will have me. Now, don't frown so, you look so much prettier when you smile and blush, little mother. Tell me to propose to my pretty little sunny-haired girl and bring her here for the maternal blessing."

He leaned his handsome head toward Mrs. Symington and looked at her in fond heart she wondered how any woman could resist him. Then she shook her head until the diamonds in her ears sent their brilliant coruscations both far and near.

"How can I, Cleve, when I am morally sure Miss Lorne wants you more only? A hundred thousand isn't to be secured every day; and to marry for money is too perfectly miserable. I married for money, Cleve, and you know the life I led until your father died. You are my only comfort. Don't pain me by bringing home a wife who will only endure us for the sake of what we can give her."

Evidently she had forgotten her mental decision that no girl with a human heart could resist her boy's handsome face. Certainly it was very unlike the proud, self-assured Mrs. Symes Symington to underestimate her own importance so tremendously, as she had just done.

But then even the richest, proudest and haughtiest people have their other side that only a few friends know; and this was Mrs. Symington's other side.

She watched Cleve's face anxiously, but there was no sign of change of views in the gay, debonair face, with the contradicting eyes so grave and steanly decided.

"You mistake Birdie altogether, mother dear. How can it be possible she wants me for my money when lots of other fellows are after her? She is an heiress in her own right—forty or fifty thousand."

"Oh! is that the case? Well—"

Her altered tone, her hesitating words so delightfully emphasized were enough for Cleve. He caught her up in his arms, regardless of her elegant toilet, and kissed her until her face was as scarlet as a girl's.

"Cleve! are you not ashamed of yourself? Put me down this minute, or—or—or—you shant marry Bird—"

He dropped her instantly.

"You're down, mother; and in just one hour prepare to see my little darling—all blushes, dimples, smiles and sweetness."

ing-room by one door and into the beautiful conservatory by another. A place where tears and trouble ought never to have come, and the sight of both of which uneasy visitants made Cleve Symington pause a second on the threshold as he caught a glimpse of a golden head buried in two tiny fair hands and heard the unmistakable sobs that shook the little white-robed figure crouching in a heap beside a low hassock. He only hesitated a second, then with a look of tenderest love, pity, and sympathy crossed the room to her side.

"Birdie, not crying so, pitcously. Can I sympathize, or do I intrude?" She sprang up in a sweet, shy surprise, her face all tear-flushed, her eyes as bright as dewdrops. She was one of those Heaven-favored mortals that weeping beautifies. She only looked fresher, fairer, and so pitiful, and Cleve's arms fairly ached to take her to his heart and kiss her tears away. And he would, he vowed rapturously, in another five minutes.

She took her handkerchief from her pocket—a little lace affair, white and fragrant, and essayed to smile as she wiped the tears from her lashes.

"I am afraid I appear very childish, Mr. Symington—but when I think—when it is all gone—"

Her exquisite lips quivered again, but she checked the rebellious tears bravely.

"I am as poor as a church-mouse—that is all. A letter from my guardian says everything was invested in a mining company, and the shares are not worth the paper they were printed on."

Cleve fairly worshipped her then, as she honestly explained her position, with the quiet, lady-like way so natural to her.

"It is a misfortune, I admit; and yet Birdie, there will inevitably come some good of it—you will learn who are your real friends."

Somehow he said it so earnestly that Birdie glanced curiously at him, then dropped her eyes under the blue-veined long lashed lids.

Cleve was close by her side the next instant, with her hands imprisoned in his, and his impassioned eyes fairly scorched her face.

"You surely understand me, darling? You will let me prove my friendship, my love, my adoration? Little girl, say you will be my own. Tell me you love me, and promise me the great privilege of caring for you forever, my little wife."

It was so sweet, this manly, honest, eager avowal, and coming, as it did, on the very heels of her misfortune, and from the lips of the only lover she ever had prayed to hear the words from.

And yet—oh, woman's foolish pride!—all her perverse little heart rose in rebellion at accepting everything and giving nothing.

It never should be said of Birdie Lorne that she took the first offer she received after her misfortune simply because there was money in it.

So—while Cleve waited, smiling patiently at her bowed head, never doubting that his whole earthly happiness was just at hand, dreaming such rapid, blissful dreams of the future, Birdie deliberately made up her stubborn will, through horrid pangs of pain. Then she lifted her head in a quick, haughty way that it had often delighted in before.

"You are so kind, Mr. Symington, and I appreciate every word you say, and will remember you gratefully to my dying day. But I will marry no man to whom I would have to feel under such obligations as I would feel to you."

She spoke gently, but with a proud ring to her voice. Cleve reeled under the sharp, sudden blow. He clinched her hands so tightly that her rings out in the tender flesh, but she only compressed her lips and made no sign of how he hurt her.

"But, Birdie,"—and there was such agony in his voice that her own heart quailed a second—"Birdie, don't speak of obligations to a man who loves as I do; speak as if you knew you would grace a queen's throne, as you would. Birdie, Birdie, don't be so cruel to me."

Her lips quivered, and her eyes suddenly overflowed.

"You mean what you say, my dear friend, I know. Or, rather, you think you mean it, which is the same to me, since I cannot accept it. But you are only pitiful, kind, and sympathetic, and the sight of my tears and grief has touched your great heart. That is all."

She drew her hands away from his, softly.

"It is not all, I love you—"

Lorne is the woman I take her to be who will prove it before an hour passes over our heads. Since her descent into poverty—gentle, lady-like poverty—I learn she passes this house every day at twelve o'clock, and takes her dinner at the restaurant several doors below; so if I intend to meet her I had better be going."

She looked the door, put the key in her pocket, and went down the stairs into the street—exactly in time, for a slight, graceful figure, clad in gray twill, passed quietly by and into the restaurant. She knew it was Birdie Lorne as well as Cleve would have known it although she had never seen her before. She walked calmly into the restaurant and took a seat at the same table with the pretty, high-bred girl.

The place was nearly full, and Mrs. Symington was glad it was.

All at once as if suddenly impressed with the idea, Mrs. Symington looked curiously at Birdie's face.

"I beg pardon, but are you not Miss Lorne? I am quite sure you must be the young lady my son speaks about so often."

There was something so kindly genial in the air that Birdie did not resent it. "Your son? I certainly am Miss Lorne; but you certainly have the advantage of me."

"I am Cleve Symington's mother, dear. There, forgive me, but you see I know all about it. I am thankful to have met you quite providentially."

Birdie blushed now—as much in surprise as anything else; and involuntarily she glanced at the plain, unfashionable attire.

"You understand? We have been as unfortunate as yourself, Miss Lorne. Everything is gone and Cleve goes out—actually goes out every day."

"Poor fellow, is—is he well?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly well, and as brave as a lion; only—forgive me, dear—only hopelessly cast down, on your account. I am his mother, and to you, the only girl he ever loved, I say he loves you with an affection that will never abate."

"And I love him, dear Mrs. Symington—I did then, only somehow I could not say so."

And Birdie poured out her whole heart, completely conquered, and wrote a letter to Cleve Symington. Then she kissed the mother.

"I am so thankful we met strangely, and I am glad you live in this poor, plain little place—I love you better for it, I know. And when my bills are all paid for the music I teach at the end of a quarter, why—why if Cleve will wait me so soon, we'll get pleasanter rooms and we'll be so happy."

"My darling you don't regret marrying a poor man, and having to live in a suite of rooms? Look up, Birdie, and tell me, little wife."

She looked merrily up into his eyes, the wife of six hours, as the two sat in the sunny little room after they had been married, and where Birdie had lived since the shares failed her.

"Sorry? Oh, Cleve, when I think how thankful I am, and how nobly you have endured your sudden loss of fortune, and how happy we will be—why, where has mother gone?"

Cleve laughed as he drew her head to his shoulder and smoothed her hair. "I am inclined to be jealous of mother, who I think has gone to the—gone back home, to prepare a homely little dinner for us."

"Let us go now, dear. Don't scold because I ordered a carriage, will you? Mrs. Estler paid me in full this morning."

Cleve bit his lip to hide a laugh, then gravely escorted his bride down to the single-horsed vehicle in waiting. The man knew his route and dashed off rapidly, only stopping when he reached the kerb in front of a large house. Cleve looked at Birdie in astonishment. She laughed nervously, then began to cry.

"You're not angry, dear? I didn't know until a month ago that it was all right. I only lost a thousand after all. Cleve, for your sake, and mother's I am so happy."

He kissed her almost solemnly as they sat in the little carriage.

The old Dutch church at Kinderhook, N. Y., where Martin Van Buren attended services when a boy, was once a scene of a free conflict. The walls, ceilings, and floor of the edifice were bare. Foot-stoves kept the congregation in winter from freezing, but not from shivering. At last those who saw no connection between true religion and a cold church proposed to buy a stove and warm the meeting-house. Immediately the parish was divided into two hostile factions—the stove party and the anti-stove party. A writer tells the result:

The ladies, vain of the foot-stoves, or warming-pans, which their negro servants were accustomed to carry into their pews every Sunday morning, raised their voices with the anti-stove, cabal.

But the stove party carried the day, and the stove was purchased, borne triumphantly to the church by the victorious burglers, and set up on a platform in the centre of the aisle.

In the midst of the service on the following Sunday morning a great commotion was caused by the fainting of two spinsters, overcome by the heat and closeness of the air. The ladies were at once carried out, lying very limp in the arms of two deacons, and smelling salts were applied.

"Shut off the heat or we'll faint," said a timid voice.

"Oh, dear, I'm suffocating!" echoed Lucy Holland.

"Oh, oh, we'll roast!" sighed Samantha West.

A gallant young beast sprang up with firm step on the platform, and screening his face from the heat with his hand, made a movement to close the draught. But was it a mistake or a horrid joke?

There was no fire in the stove!

High up among the hemlock-covered mountains of the most desolate part of Pennsylvania, far from civilization, are the ruins of three small villages. Thirty years ago these were thriving settlements, founded and governed by the famous violinist, Ole Bull. When Ole Bull conceived the idea of starting a Norwegian colony in these mountain fastnesses he purchased a tract of land for miles square and brou h over 500 or 600 of his countrymen to make a settlement in this wild region which is not unlike Norway, with its rocky steep, fertile valleys and evergreen foliage. The houses built by the settlers have many of them tumbled down, the farms have become overgrown with scrub oaks and bushes, and the inhabitants have sought homes elsewhere, many of them returning to the fatherland, which they had left only to find cruel disappointment and blighted hopes in the new world, of which they had heard and read so much. The houses were built in an old foreign sort of style, with windows and porches of the most unaccountable shapes in the most unexpected places. Many of them are a sort of a cross between a Swiss chalet and an Indian bungalow, and a visitor can easily make himself believe he is anywhere except in America. The steep roofs and narrow, high porches are like those of the colonists left behind in Norway, and would look stranger still were there any dwellings of the American style of architecture with which to compare them.

Leaving Connersport in an old-fashioned buckboard wagon, New Bergen is the first settlement reached. A short distance from New Bergen is Oleona, which was to have been the capital of the territory that Ole Bull proposed to govern, and near which his residence, known as the castle, was built. The village was placed on a small plateau. But the town was never built, and even the thrifty little village could not hold its own after its founder and patron neglected it. Gradually it was deserted, the tenants moving away one after another until now there is little left except three or four houses, the hotel and one store. The hotel is kept by a pleasant, intelligent and thrifty-looking Norwegian, who says it was built by Ole Bull, who at one time had a music hall attached to it, where he treated the settlers to such music as he never gave elsewhere. The hall has been torn down for firewood, and the admirers of the great musician, whose strains of melody seem to have been wasted in a spot like this, can only see the foundations and wish it had been spared as a relic. The hotel is a rambling, two-story frame building with small rooms.

Two miles below Oleona we reach New Norway, the last of the three settlements. From here Ole Bull's castle can be seen on an eminence midway between New Norway and Oleona. From his castle windows the mild ruler of this little realm could see his men at work in the valley below. If we except one small house it is safe to say that New Norway is entirely gone, but even now, looking at the level, grass-grown plain, one can imagine that it must have been a pretty place, with green lawns and fine yards, for the ground is rich and moist, bearing luxuriant grass even in the driest weather. A crooked road leading to the ruins of the castle leaves the main highway near New Norway, and runs by an easy grade to the summit of the mountain. From here the view is grand, and it is no wonder that Ole Bull was fond of this retreat. The castle was a peculiarly shaped house, with square towers at the corners. It was built of stone and logs and was elegantly fitted up. His favorite room, where he used to sit for hours, commanding a view unsurpassed in this part of Pennsylvania.

It was in this room that the great musician spent a whole year, and his friends say that the bitterest disappointment of his life was the awakening from the dream of a great colony in this favored spot. He had hoped to found a large, prosperous and reputable settlement, and had been told that the mountains about here were filled with gold and silver and other ores. The colonists believed the wonderful stories that he had told them of this El Dorado of the new West, where precious metals were waiting to enrich those who should

search for them, and when months of patient toil failed to realize their hopes, and a dispute about the title of the land arose, they all were ready to leave. When Ole Bull left his castle on the Norwegian fold mountain, as the hill was called, he again went on the stage, but had his project been successful Ole Bull would never again have set foot upon the stage. Men who live at New Norway tell strange stories about the great musician's habits. It is said that when he was perplexed or in trouble he would take his violin and extemporise wild, weird music that would sometimes make his listeners shiver. There is another story that before he left the castle he buried in the neighborhood a favorite violin.

Snake-Milk and Gravy.

A cow-boy, fresh from his herd, went into a Cheyenne chop house recently. The tables were all filled with the exception of one, at which the terror of the plains seated himself. As he pulled off his hat and untied the red bandanna handkerchief from his throat he looked disdainfully around.

The nimble waiter brushed an imaginary bread crumb from the cloth, whisked a bill of fare from the castor and placed it before the festive and untamed youth.

"Take it away!" he snarled. "I can't eat that. I want rattlesnakes on toast!"

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" yelled the waiter.

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" responded the cook.

There was a slight flutter among the guests at the strange order and the cow-boy was scanned by many curious eyes.

He looked a little disconcerted at having his order so promptly taken and glanced furtively toward the front of the house. He saw the cooks and waiters engaged in filling orders and looking as solemn as graveyards after midnight.

He assumed a nonchalant air and picked his teeth with his fork.

A cook deftly removed the skin from a pickerel, and, cutting a strip the proper shape, placed it on a spider.

The waiter who had taken the order came tripping back to the bold buccaneer of the pampas.

"Will you have your snake milk dose or rare?"

"Rare, with oodles of milk and gravy on it."

"Gimme that snake rare—milk gravy on the side," was hallooed to the cook.

The larriest wrestler began to grow nervous. The devil-may-care expression had left his eyes, and a soft, subdued, melancholy shade had taken its place. He hidged in his chair and seemed to be nerving himself for an ordeal.

"Here you are, sir," said the culinary Ganymede, placing a dish in which was something nicely cooked, which looked like a fried specimen of the genus crotalus. Have a little Worcester sauce! Gives a very fine flavor. Some folks like mushrooms with their snakes. Others prefer Chili colorado. A little salad dressing don't go bad. There's vinegar and olive oil in the castor. Will you have tea or coffee? Very fine snake. Caught yesterday. Fat and tender."

When the waiter was delivering himself of this eulogy on the meal, the steerpuncher shoved his chair back. His eyes bulged out and he became pale around the gills.

"I don't think I'll eat anything. I ain't hungry," he said as he rose unsteadily to his feet and reached for his hat.

"Maybe you'd prefer briled moccasin," insinuatingly suggested the waiter.

"No," he replied, as the ashken pallor deepened on his face. "I ain't a bit hungry." He cast another glance at the dish he had ordered and made a break for the door. He "forgot to pay at the counter."

Checkers and Pomology.

Piece after piece of his fell to the quiet skill of his opponent, and Rev. Mr. McGruder began to grow mad.

"Bah!" he said to his wife, "that's baby play. You snap up the pieces before I get a chance to think. Cowardly, too! You ought, if you had any chivalry, to point out my danger, but you must plump your mealy checkers right down and grab mine off the board like a school girl!"

"Perhaps checkers is like religion," said his wife, meditatively. "You accept its mysteries as a little child."

"Hush, my dear, that is absolutely profane. I wouldn't lose my temper even if the game was going against me."

"Don't get excited, dear."

"Excited! It's enough to make a wooden rocking horse excited to see the way you skip along with your confounded pieces. You don't give me time to think."

"I don't wish to hurry you. There, take that move back. Don't you see I shall capture both your kings?"

"If I do wish you would mind your own business, madam!" remarked Mr. McGruder, spitefully. "I am perfectly competent to take care of my own play. Now, go on."

Nevertheless the indignant gentleman did take his wife's advice and move out of danger.

For five minutes they played in silence.

Then Mr. McGruder, having triumphantly penned his wife's men in a corner, leaned back in his chair with a satisfied "There, I think that settles it."

But the lady made a flank movement which swept two of his kings off the board and left his solitary checker at the mercy of her next advance.

The minister glowered for a moment at the board.

"Yes! You've won! And a good wholesome one it is. Cheated me out of the game. I'd sooner be doomed any day to peddle snow shoes in the tropics than enter into any intellectual contest with a woman!"

"I'm sure, my dear, I—"

"Don't be too sure of anything," as he shoveled the pieces into a cigar box and slammed the board up on a bookshelf; "excepting that you are taking up my valuable time when you know I ought to be preparing my sermon. There shut the door after you. A nice frame of mind I'm in to wrestle with the hosts of Satan. Oh, if Eve had never had a taste for pomology!"

With Mr. Allen, who recently returned from Mexico to Denver, Colorado, was a youth of 18 years named Juan. "Juan," said Mr. Allen, who has a large ranch at Alma, "is a real live character of an Indian romance. Six years ago the Apaches raided my herd and carried a great number off into the mountains. As many others had suffered I easily gathered a troop of horse and followed the trail along the Gila. One evening, several days after we had crossed the border, our scouts rode back and notified us that we were almost upon the enemy, so proceeding more cautiously we kept on steering our way through the dense chapparal, when we suddenly came upon a scene calculated to freeze the very blood in our veins.

"There in an open space was a small Mexican settlement, consisting of one large square building of adobe with one large door or gate opening outward, but devoid of any other mode of egress or of obtaining light. The four sides of this structure faced a large court yard on the inside, into which opened the doors and windows of perhaps a score of separate dwellings forming a part of the whole edifice. The roof was of thatch, and when we came into full view this was burning. We charged and killed many of the devils, but others escaped. Dividing our party into two sections, one of whom staid back for a half hour or so to extinguish the fire and make an examination, the rest pushed on after the fugitives. Several skirmishes were had and the Indians were driven hard, but the fragment of them eventually escaped into the mountain fastnesses, where it was impossible to pursue them farther."

"I was leading the advance party, and, having a good horse, was some distance ahead of my men when I came upon one of the Apaches, who was urging his pony to his utmost speed. In front of him, held with a strong grasp, was a boy of perhaps 12 years of age, whose terror was made greater by the tactics of the wily Apache, who held him up as a shield to protect him from the shots of my Winchester. My horse, however, carried me to his side, when I seized the bridle of his pony with one hand; I dealt him a blow with the butt of my rifle, felling him to the ground. The Mexican boy also fell with him, but I picked him up and found that he was uninjured, but terribly frightened. That boy was Juan, who, after recovering his senses and realizing that he had been saved from a terrible death, evinced his gratitude by every means in his power, clasping my knees and calling me in Mexican his 'preserver' and 'savior.' Finding that the Indians had escaped us, we retraced our course to the ruins of the village, where we rejoined our comrades and camped for the night, a few of the Mexicans who had run away at the first attack returning to their devastated home."

"Every member of Juan's family had fallen a victim to the ferocity of the Apaches, and the next morning when we started on our homeward course he manifested such a strong desire to go with me that I yielded, and he accompanied me home. The Indians we had captured were turned over to the Mexican authorities. Juan, now like a son to me, has since been a member of my household. One of the principal objects of my visit is to place him in a good school, as I intend to educate him as a gentleman."

Condemned Nickels.

An acrimonious appearing woman, with more nose than chin, and less chin than mouth, supported herself by a hand-strap in an overcrowded Madison street, Chicago, car yesterday, while she passed a new nickel to the conductor and scowled at a watery-eyed little man with red Dundreary whiskers who had just dropped into the last available seat.

The conductor held the new nickel within an inch of his right eye, closed his left orb and scanned the coin as a microscope might have done examining the fibres of the finest linen.

"Did you think the money was spurious?" said the *Daily News* reporter, questioning the conductor when he had returned to the rear platform.

"No; I was lookin' to see whether it contained the word 'cents.' I am on the watch for all them nickels that the government condemned because they didn't contain the word cents. They are gettin' very scarce, and they'll soon be worth a good price. I sold four for 60 cents the other day to a young fellow who wanted 'em to make bangles or some such thing for his girl. I have twenty-five or thirty 'em left on hand yet. Yes, all the conductors is on the watch for 'em. We heard they was sellin' for \$1 apiece in New York, and you bet we ain't agoin' to get left."

The reporter visited a well-known dealer in old and rare coins on Randolph street.

"I am buying the condemned nickels of 1883," he said, "at 5¢ and selling them at 7 cents each. I paid 5¢ for the last lot."

"Is there much demand for these nickels?"

"Yes, there is a steady demand, chiefly from the country. I have many to sell. Kansas City commercial travelers come to me and buy them in small lots and take them out on their trips to sell to acquaintances and customers for whatever prices they can get. I have a lot held in reserve in the banks. When this issue of nickels was condemned a year ago, there was a great run on them for a time. I then sold as high as \$20 worth a day at the rate of two for 25 cents."

"Are many offered for sale by the car conductors?"

"Yes, they come in with small collections every day, but I never buy them in less than \$25 lots."

"Have you much demand for other particular and rare coins?"

"There is a steady demand for all the American issues by numismatics who want to complete a series. In fact, there's hardly an American series any collector can't complete if only he has money enough to pay the prices. The series of the big red copper cent runs from 1793 to 1857, omitting the year 1815, when the mint was burned and no issue was made, and there are many complete collections. The old half-cent has almost entirely disappeared."

SAUCE FOR THE FIDDING.—One cup butter, one cup brown sugar, one wine-glassful wine, the yolk of an egg; beat the butter and sugar to a cream; then beat the egg very light and stir with the butter and sugar; put it in the fire to simmer, but not to boil; when done pour in the wine and serve hot.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, Editor.
CENTRE HALL, PA., Feb. 13, 84.

ICE BONDS BURSTING.

Property Endangered by Melting—
Ice and Swollen Rivers.

Twelve barges and a steamer torn from their fastenings in Pennsylvania—People Driven from Their Homes by the Water.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 1.—The ice on the Allegheny and Upper Monongahela rivers has broken up. River men generally had made preparations for the protection of their property, but notwithstanding their precautions, considerable damage was done. Near Elizabeth, twelve barges were swept away. The steamer Oella broke loose. She struck a pier of the bridge and stove in her cabin. Several attempts were made to pull her ashore, but the current was too strong. The men abandoned her and came ashore. The dam at Leodards was completely swept away.

From Burgettstown comes the report that many families were driven out of their homes and that many houses were ruined. At West Newton and Broadford the Baltimore and Ohio railroad tracks are covered with water and trains are greatly delayed. A wooden bridge was swept off its piers and soon floated out of sight. Just before it went down the stage coach, loaded with six passengers, passed over.

In this city there has been no damage as yet, but the river is rising rapidly, and the prospects are that the lower part of the town will be under water. The ice has gorged at a number of places up the river, and more damage is expected in that direction.

River men are watching the Allegheny with grave fears. The ice in it is expected to come out to-morrow. It is very heavy and if it comes out with a rush will do great damage.

WILLIAMSPORT, Feb. 1.—Fully three feet of snow covers the ground throughout the entire mountain region. Grave apprehensions of a destructive flood in the river are now felt.

The Susquehanna is covered from the Chesapeake to its source with ice ranging in thickness from fourteen to twenty inches. At Williamsport the dam which forms the boom, where three hundred millions of feet of lumber in the log are annually caught, is frozen to a thickness of eighteen inches. The great tributaries of the west branch are almost closed with ice.

The point where immense ice jams generally form in the river when a break-up takes place, is at a short distance above Fairdaleville. Three years ago the great ice gorge here covered the track for five miles, and required the service of 500 men to cut a channel through in two days and nights. At present the ice is gorged here for miles to the depth of six and eight feet. If it cannot be forced out a frightful jam must be the result, which may endanger Lock Haven if it breaks, as the volume of ice and water will be irresistible when once in motion.

Superintendent Westfall, of the Eastern division of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, is already making preparations to combat the great ice barrier, in case the jam occurs.

A Destructive Ice Gorge.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 31.—At dark the ice bridges across the Mississippi river broke and the great mass commenced moving from a point just below the bridge. The ice was very thick, and great consternation caused among the crews of vessels. Fires were hurriedly made, and the shrill steam whistles brought thousands of people to the river front. The irresistible wall of ice moved on as though to carry everything down before it. The Anchor wharf boats, moored with immense chains, were the first to succumb to shock, and they were driven high upon the levee. The wrecking steamer Salvo was crushed like an egg shell and buried out of sight beneath the ice. The St. Paul and St. Louis Packet company's fine steamer Minneapolis, valued at \$40,000, was the next vessel overtaken. Her sides were also crushed in and she was totally demolished. The Salvo was valued at \$10,000 and was owned by Carroll & Powell. Many other small boats were sunk or damaged, and the ice is still moving.

TOLLEDO, O., Jan. 31.—Toledo, Ottawa, Napoleon and several points on the Maumee river are threatened with a serious ice gorge and flood. The snow along the banks of the river averages a foot in depth for forty miles up the Maumee. The ice is from three to three feet thick and has melted so fast in the last forty eight hours that the river is rising to a degree which is very alarming.

Without a Leader.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 1.—While ex-Senator Conkling was sitting behind the counsel's desk in the Disunion suit, a friend approached him and asked him what he thought of the political situation. "I am taking no active interest in politics just now," said Mr. Conkling, "being fully occupied with legal business. I think, however, that if the republican party next fall it will be by means of democratic votes. I do not consider the republican party strong enough in itself to win. Democratic leaders, as usual, will give victory to the republicans. No party, like no corporation, can succeed without a leader. The republican party has no leader at present."

Gen. Hancock at Home.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—Gen. Hancock has again settled down at his quarters on Governor's Island, and has been decidedly improved by his jaunt through the west and south. In conversation he spoke most encouragingly of the prospects of Southern California, and was surprised to find the marked improvement which had taken place since he rode across the plains in 1858. In the southern states energetic capitalists were establishing numerous mills and factories, and the whole section impressed him as being in a flourishing condition. He feared that the fence question in Texas might result in serious consequences.

A Monument to Paine.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—The freethinkers of this city celebrated the 147th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, at the German Masonic Temple. The attendance was very large, the principal hall being filled to its utmost capacity. Many ladies were present. The programme consisted of speaking by T. B. Wakeman, S. Putnam and others, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. At the conclusion of the exercises, an organization to be known as "The Paine National Historical Association" was formed, and a fund was started for the purpose of erecting a monument to Paine's memory.

Mrs. Margaret Breckner, Mechanic-lebanon, Pa., says: I use Dr. Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility and have been greatly benefited.

TO REINSTATE PORTER.

Text of the Bill Passed by the House after an Excited Debate.

Gov. Curtin's Brilliant Peroration—
Fighting the Memorable Battle
All Over Again—Gen. Garfield's
Position in the Case.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—Gen. Fitz-John Porter has at last been vindicated, the bill to restore him to his position in the army having passed its biggest stumbling block by a vote of 184 to 78. The debate over the bill lasted until nearly eight o'clock. At times it was very spirited. The bill as passed is as follows:

"Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled: That the president be, and he hereby is, authorized to nominate and, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, to appoint Fitz-John Porter, late a major general of the United States' volunteers and a brevet brigadier general and colonel of the army, to the position of colonel in the army of the United States, of the same grade and rank held by him at the time of his dismissal from the army by sentence of court martial, promulgated January 27, 1862, and to place on the retired list of the army as of that grade, the retired list being hereby increased in number to that extent; and all laws and parts of laws in conflict herewith are suspended for this purpose only; but this act shall not be construed as authorizing pay, compensation or allowance prior to the passage of this act."

The house disposed of this morning session and devoted the day to debate upon the bill. Mr. Wolford, of Kentucky, speaking in support of the bill, said he hoped that no man who had served in the confederate army had got so angry over the fight that after twenty years he could not do an act of justice to a man who had fought against him. He hoped that no man would get up and say: "I can't vote on this bill. I am interested. I am still mad." He understood that his confederate friends were here loving the flag and loving the country, and that they were here saying to-day and forever that they had left behind them the bitter feelings engendered by the war and everything that divided the country.

Mr. Calkins, of Indiana, began his speech by saying he knew there was no doubt about the passage of the bill. There was a condition of affairs now which made it probable that the bill would pass all the way through, but if there was such a condition of affairs now he would appeal from the action to the people. Members were asked by this bill to say, in the language of the gentleman from New York (Mr. Spooner), that Abraham Lincoln and Edwin M. Stanton and Gen. Halleck conspired together to organize a court to convict Fitz-John Porter, and the gentleman undertook to attack the name of William I. Sherman to help him out. Gen. Sherman was true to his country, and while he and Stanton had a difficulty yet, with the generosity of late years, the general had said that he did not believe that Stanton was untrue to himself or him. If these scenes were to be re-enacted here, there might come a time when the bugle blast of the grand army of the republic, by the side of state camps, would ask Gen. Sherman to come out of his retirement and lead them again to victory as he did before.

Mr. Phelps of New Jersey spoke in favor of the bill. Speaking of Gen. Garfield's connection with the case, he read the joint resolution introduced by him for the appointment of a board of review, and stated that he had private letters of that gentleman which he could twist into an approval of this bill, as other gentlemen had twisted private letters into a disapproval of it. The leader of the confederacy went down the steps of the Capitol threatening to return and destroy it. He failed in the attempt, and yet he walked in freedom. The men who perjured Union soldiers in Andersonville and Libby still lived. Officers who were trained at West Point, whose treason needed no investigation, were sitting in this chamber. Should Porter be the only victim? Should he be the sacrifice of the nation?

The bill was finally reported to the house, after several attempts to kill it purpose by amendments had been defeated, and Mr. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, closed the debate with a speech in favor of the bill. In a brilliant peroration, which was warmly applauded, he appealed to the house to do justice to a wronged man, and at the conclusion of his speech was heartily congratulated by his friends.

The bill was then passed, 184 to 78.

Carlisle for Senator.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 2.—A special to the News-Journal from Frankfort, Ky., says: "At the beginning of the caucus several efforts were made to drop the lowest candidate after each ballot, but all voted the proposition down. Mr. Hallam appealed to Mr. Hancock to withdraw Mr. Carlisle's name, but Mr. Hancock refused. Mr. Robbins left the chair. He said that he was originally a Carlisle man, but felt that he reflected the wishes of that gentleman in saying that he could not be a candidate. But for the magnanimity of Mr. Blackburn, Mr. Carlisle could not have been speaker, and it was just that Mr. Carlisle should now be put into this fight. Mr. Hallam followed with similar remarks, saying that Mr. Carlisle could not be a contestant for this office and could not accept it unless it came to him without his seeking. In order to give the members time for reflection he moved for an adjournment, and his motion was carried by a vote of 88 to 50. There is a strong feeling that his action points to the nomination of Mr. Carlisle."

The Morry Letter Recalled.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—In the suit of Josh Hart to recover damages for libel from George Alfred Townsend the plaintiff said in regard to the famous Morry letter that he had first seen Morry's name on the hotel register at Kirkland, Mass., in October, 1870, and had subsequently seen it entered at democratic headquarters. To the national democratic committee he had sent 173,000 copies of the edition of the paper containing the Chinese letter. The envelope which had held the Morry letter was produced for the inspection of the jury.

He Should Avoid Cincinnati.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—Mr. Leon Chouteau, the most distinguished apostle of free trade in France, arrived on the steamer Grecian Monarch. In appearance he closely resembles Gen. Grant. Mr. Grant's mission to the United States is to prevent, if possible, the adoption by congress of retaliatory measures in answer to the refusal of France to permit the importation of the American leg.

A Comparatively Small Enail.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—B. H. Lander, who was dismissed the service as post office inspector, from reports received obtained over a thousand dollars from various postmasters under false pretenses. He has left for South America.

LOSS AND GAIN.

Chapter I.

"I was taken sick a year ago with bilious fever." "My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move!" "I shrunk!" "From 225 pounds to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed restored, and I am not only sound as a roper but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life!"

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

Chapter II.

"Madden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache. Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I had used Hop Bitters."

"The first bottle

Nearly cured me!

The second made me as well and strong as when a child.

I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint, pronounced by Boston's best physicians incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

Lives of eight persons

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

They almost

Do miracles. —MRS. E. D. SLACK.

How to Get Sick—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take vile nostrums advertised, and then you want to know "how to get well," which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!"

—WANTED.—A good, strong, young horse for delivering goods.

VALENTINE'S STORE CO., Lm., Bellefonte, Pa.

—Carpets, oil cloths and matting, largest stock, latest styles and lowest prices, at the Bee Hive.

—New line common and indigo prints, embroideries, muslins, gingham, Cashmeres, &c., at Garman's.

—Teachers' blank certificates for scholars, at the Reporter's office.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward.				
	1	3	5	7	9
Montandon, ar.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lewisburg, ar.	7:10	9:30	9:45	15:50	5:30
Lewisburg, lv.	7:25	10:05	10:15	2:10	5:45
Fair Ground, ar.	7:30	10:15	10:25	2:20	5:50
Blair, ar.	7:40	10:25	10:35	2:30	6:00
Vicksburg, ar.	7:45	10:35	10:45	2:35	6:05
McMillan, ar.	8:00	11:00	11:10	2:50	6:20
McMillan, lv.	8:10	11:10	11:20	3:00	6:30
Milport, ar.	8:25	11:25	11:35	3:15	6:45
Laurelton, ar.	8:35	11:35	11:45	3:25	6:55
Cohar, ar.	8:45	11:45	11:55	3:35	7:05
Spring Mills, ar.	10:15	12:15	12:25	4:05	7:35
	Leave Eastward.				
	2	4	6	8	10
Spring Mills, lv.	5:55	7:55	9:55	11:55	1:55
Cohar, lv.	6:10	8:10	10:10	12:10	2:10
Laurelton, lv.	6:20	8:20	10:20	12:20	2:20
Milport, lv.	6:30	8:30	10:30	12:30	2:30
McMillan, lv.	6:40	8:40	10:40	12:40	2:40
Vicksburg, lv.	6:50	8:50	10:50	12:50	2:50
Blair, lv.	7:00	9:00	11:00	1:00	3:00
Fair Ground, lv.	7:10	9:10	11:10	1:10	3:10
Lewisburg, lv.	7:25	9:25	11:25	1:25	3:25
Lewisburg, ar.	8:35	10:35	12:35	2:35	4:35
Montandon, ar.	8:50	10:50	12:50	2:50	4:50

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5:35 P. M. and 7:30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 6:00 P. M. and 7:25 P. M.

DISOLUTION.—The general partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The affairs of the firm will be settled by Wm. Pealer, at the store of J. D. Long.

WM. PEALER, J. D. LONG.

Spring Mills, Pa., Feb. 1, '84. 6/4t

WOLF & SON

AT THE OLD STAND

CENTRE HALL,

HAVE RECEIVED A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

NONE FINER IN THIS COUNTY.

FROM THE MOST STYLISH

DRESS GOODS DOWN TO ANY

THING COMMONLY KEPT BY A

GENERAL STORE AND AT BIG

BARGAINS.

HALL'S VEGETABLE

HAIR RENEWER.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists.

LYON & Co.'s Store.

SNAPS FOR YOU

OUR WAY OF SELLING OFF A LARGE WINTER STOCK AT SHORT NOTICE!

\$40,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS, & CAPS, &c., AT ALMOST HALF PRICE!

Read this through to the end. There is something that will strike you. Then come with your shovels. Come soon, because we will offer things at less than we can replace them, for after they are sold, we can't pick up such bargains every day. Just some chances.

Wool Brocade Fins Dress Goods 15 cts. a yard, Elsewhere 30c.

Another lot 8 cents a yard.

One lot of good Gingham..... 7 cts. a yard

One lot of best Gingham..... 6 cts. a yard

White and Spruce..... 6 cts. a yard

Cotton Flannel..... 6 cts. a yard

Best Calico..... 6 cts. a yard

Best Shirting..... 6 cts. a yard

Plaid Flannels..... 6 cts. a yard

Red Table Linen..... 6 cts. a yard

Double White Cashmeres..... 6 cts. a yard

All Wool Black and Colored Cashmeres..... 6 cts. a yard

Red Flannels..... 6 cts. a yard

Ladies' Cosmetics..... 6 cts. a yard

ALL WOOL CASHMERES BLACK & COLORED. AT LEAST ONE THIRD CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE

Plaid Dress Goods..... 6 cts. a yard

Appleton "A" Muslin..... 6 cts. a yard

Red all Wool Flannel from..... 6 cts. a yard

One extra quality Black Silk at 50 and 75 cts a yard, other places..... 1.00

One lot extra quality Black Silk at 25, elsewhere..... 1.50

One lot extra heavy quality Black Silk at 75, elsewhere..... 2.00

One lot extra heavy quality Black Silk at 75, elsewhere..... 2.50

COLORED SILK, EXTRA HEAVY. 75cts. IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

Colored silks from..... 50 cts a yard

A new and super quality all silk Satin Rhodens..... 75 cts. a yard

The finest quality 15 yard wide, all Wool Dress Cloth and Flannel, at 1 1/2 yard, same quality elsewhere..... 25 cts a yard

Silk Flannels from..... 75 cts a pair up

Silk Velvets..... 1.00 a pair up

Velvet from..... 75 cts a pair up

Colored Blankets from..... 1.00 a pair up

White Blankets from..... 1.00 a pair up

Ladies' Hose 4 pair for..... 25 cts

Children's H. 4 pair for..... 25 cts

Men's Socks 4 pair for..... 25 cts

Men's Socks 4 pair for..... 25 cts

Men's Socks 4 pair for..... 25 cts

Men's Socks 4 pair for..... 25 cts

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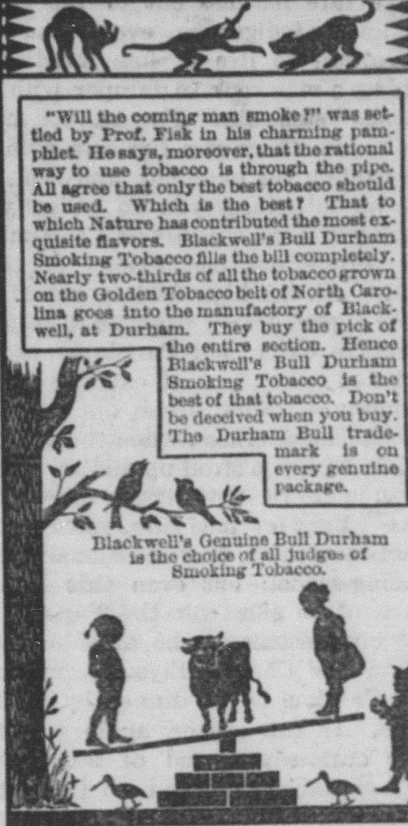
Men's Socks 4 pair for..... 25 cts

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.



GRAHAM & SON, MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN BOOTS, SHOES & LEATHER.



If you want good, honest Boots and Shoes—goods that you will be pleased with—buy the following makes, and you will get the best: E. C. BURTS.

Celebrated Shoes for Ladies and Children.

HANAN & SON'S, New York, Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, every pair warranted.

J. H. BYRMES, Rochester Fine Shoes for Ladies and Children.

In connection with the above fine shoes we have a fine line of MEN'S CALF & KIP BOOTS, FLOV. SUEDE, BROGANS, & SLIPPERS

of every description, at the lowest figures.

Remember the place, on Corner of BROCKERTHOFF ROW, BELLEFONTE, PENN'A

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO.

CENTRAL HALL, Receive Deposits and Allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.

WM. WOLF, Pres. W. B. MINGLES, Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO. BELLEFONTE, PA. (Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)

Receive Deposits and Allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.

JAS. A. BEAVER, Pres. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

PENNSYLVANIA --State College--

Winter Term begins January 4, 1884.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and fertile spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1. A Full Classical Course of Four Years.

2. A Full Latin Scientific Course.

3. A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.

4. The following following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE, (b) NATURAL HISTORY, (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS, (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING, (e) MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

5. A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.

6. A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.

7. A Classical and Scientific Preparatory Course.

SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogue or other information, address: GEO. W. ATHERTON, President, State College, Centre Co., Pa.

1884

THE LATE MR. MACKAY.

A Romantic Story Connected With His Marriage.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 22.—There is a romantic story connected with the courtship and marriage to his octogenarian wife of Congressman Mackay, of South Carolina. Mrs. Mackay's father was a white man—one of the celebrated Sumpter family of South Carolina—and her mother a quadroon, was Cecilia Preston, a sister of William Preston, turkney at the Nineteenth District police station in this city. Congressman Mackay first met his future wife, Vickie Sumpter, when she was a girl of twelve years, and he a man of twenty-three. At that time she was a child of great beauty, but without any education. Mr. Mackay fell in love with her at first sight and determined to make her his wife. He gained her mother's consent and sent the girl to Oberlin college, Ohio, to be educated at his expense, that she might be fitted to become his wife. She passed nearly five years at Oberlin, diligently pursuing her studies and corresponding with Mr. Mackay, but never seeing him until the day before she was to be graduated. Her vacation had been spent in Philadelphia with her uncle, William Preston, with whom her mother and younger sister resided. In the spring of 1874, when she was to be graduated, Mr. Mackay came on from Charleston and took Miss Sumpter's mother on to Oberlin to witness the commencement exercises, and to bring Miss Vickie home. When Mr. Mackay met her there after the five years separation she had grown, if possible, more beautiful. She was highly accomplished, and received her diploma with honors, after which Mr. Mackay, the young lady and her mother came to this city and stopped at the Continental hotel. That evening Bishop Simpson was sent for and the young couple were married in the parlor. The bride's mother, her young sister Rosalie, and William Preston, her uncle, Mrs. Mackay has four children, who, like herself, are blondes. Two of the sons of the late congressman are students at Maplewood institute, Concordville, Pennsylvania.

FAILING FOR A MILLION.

An Extensive Canadian Lumber Company Goes by the Board.

TORONTO, Jan. 22.—For some time past rumor has been busy with the affairs of the British Canadian Lumber and Timber company, which has made an assignment. The company had a capital of \$1,000,000, mostly Scottish money, when formed some years ago, and bought extensive limits and mills from George J. and W. H. Cooke. It is understood that the Messrs. Cooke made a good thing out of the sale. George J. Cooke is president of the company and J. S. Lockitt, formerly manager of the Bank of Commerce, is its financial manager. The banks mainly interested are the Toronto, Quebec and Commerce. The liabilities foot up close on to \$1,000,000, perhaps half of which is secured. The Commerce bank is the largest creditor. It is now alleged that the rosy statements as to the value of the limits have not been realized, and that not only will the shareholders lose all the money they put in, but the ordinary creditors will be paid and the banks will be out a large amount. A short time ago it was hoped that the company would pull through by each of the banks advancing \$50,000 and the Scotchmen the same amount, but this arrangement appears to have been abandoned.

No Color Line to be Permitted.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 22.—Gov. Abbott has sent to the house of assembly a message in reference to the Hackensack Cemetery company's refusal to bury a colored citizen, of which the following is an extract:

The rights of the cemetery company to make rules and regulations as to interments is limited to making those that are reasonable and lawful; the regulation that refuses Christian burial to the body of a deceased citizen upon the ground of color is not, in my judgment, a reasonable regulation, and, therefore, the church had a right to make the interment. It ought not to be tolerated in this state that a corporation, whose existence depends upon the legitimate will and whose property is exempt from taxation because of its religious uses, should be permitted to make a distinction between the white man and the black man. I, therefore, recommend a passage of a law which shall make such a refusal, based on color, a criminal offense, with such penalty as shall prevent a recurrence of such an act.

Gen. Grant's Mexican Enterprise.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.—The Chicago capitalists, who are a leading factor in the Mexican Central railroad, properly known as Gen. Grant's line, have begun to agitate the subject of the formal opening to the great international line. A. R. Kane, one of the principal owners of Mexican Central stock in Chicago, received a telegram yesterday from Daniel B. Robinson, superintendent of construction, in which it was announced that there remains less than one hundred miles to be finished. Large forces are working on the line from each end, and the terminal points are now Jimenez and Jimaleo. The territory to be covered is generally smooth, and the work can be done very fast. The greatest effort will be in bridging the Santiago river, four 100 feet spans being necessary to raise the tracks to a point of safety from the sudden rise of waters which follows the cloud bursts common to the locality. Mr. Robinson is confident that connections will be made with the city of Mexico by March 15, and that by April 1 through trains will be running from Paso del Norte, the northern terminus, into the ancient city of Mexicana.

A Desperate But Fruitless Sortie.

CAIRO, Feb. 1.—Information has been received that on the 21st inst. the Egyptian forces under Tewfik Bey attempted to cut their way out of Sinaï, and after desperate fighting, in which the Egyptians inflicted severe losses upon the rebels, Tewfik Bey and his command were compelled, on account of the large force of the enemy in the vicinity, to fall back to Sinaï. Tewfik Bey's loss was estimated at fifty wounded. The rebels, who are under the command of the British, have completely invested the city. The Egyptian forces are on the point of starvation.

Violating the Fugitive Laws.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 21.—Marshal Loring arrested at his home in Montrose Dr. E. L. Gardner, upon the charge of violating the fugitive laws in having taken Tom G. W. Dennis, of Birmingham, \$500 for his services in the collection of a pension for Dennis, this amount being largely in excess of what the law allows. The hearing will be before Commissioner Little, at Montrose, Feb. 9, when the United States district attorney will attend.

John Bull Always Ahead.

CAIRO, Jan. 31.—One of the results of the conference between Sir Evelyn Baring, the British diplomatic agent, and M. Barre, the French diplomatic agent, in regard to the Egyptian situation in Egypt, was the appointment today of M. Muzac, a Frenchman, who has been kindly disposed toward British influence in Egypt, to the important post of director general of the Egyptian revenue.

The New York Scott Bill.

ALBANY, Feb. 1.—Mr. Locke, of Rensselaer, introduced as a bill today the Scott liquor law with some modifications. The first section of the bill, which is the central point of it, is as follows:

"Upon the business of trafficking in intoxicating liquors there shall be assessed yearly, and shall be paid into the county treasury by every person engaged therein as hereafter provided and for each place where such business is carried on or for such person the sum of \$200, provided, if such business continues through the year, namely, from the second Monday of April, exclusively in the traffic in malt or vinous liquors, or both. Such assessment shall be but one-half of the foregoing sum."

Mr. Locke's bill makes the yearly assessment \$300 for salaried persons and \$150 for small dealers. The machinery provided for collecting the tax is substantially the same as that of the Scott law.

Tariff For Limited Revenue.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 31.—In the house a democratic caucus substitute for the republican tariff resolution was adopted by an almost strictly party vote. The substitute favors a tariff for revenue limited to the necessary expenditure of the government.

Has He Muscle Enough to Go Round?

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 29.—Sullivan failed to draw here. The small audience biased the sparring. He threatened that if it was repeated he would clean out the house.

MADE ON PURPOSE.

One of Those Mistakes (?) Which are More Frequent than Profitable.

"Why, my child, this is not BENSON'S CAPSULE POROUS PLASTER," said a father to his little daughter, after examining a package she had just brought from the drug store.

"But it says I am sorry," said the man for Benson's I know I did, and he took the 25 cents you gave me to pay for it with," exclaimed the child, positively. "Maybe the drug man made a mistake."

"I'll go 'round and see myself," was the gentleman's comment, as he donned his coat and hat.

"Why didn't you send me Benson's plaster instead of this cheap and trashy thing?"

"You thought you thought! What business had you to think I don't pay you for thinking, but for filling my order," said the indignant caller, contemptuously. "Take that thing back and give me my money, I'll get what I want somewhere."

Decorative Art—Explicit directions for every use are given with Diamond Dyes.

For dyeing muslins, grasses, ivory hair, etc. 10c. Druggists keep them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Mrs. H. C. Byers, Pottstown, Pa., says: I cured myself of pain in the chest and indigestion by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

HEALTH IS WEALTH!

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1.50 bottles for \$5.

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BULWER LYTTON'S BRIDGE.

Where it Touches the Shores and the Great Columns in Midstream.

"What a beautiful bridge between old age and childhood is religion. How judiciously the child begins with prayer and worship an enduring life, and how judiciously, on getting life, the old man turns back to prayer and worship, putting himself again side by side with the infant," remarks Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his "Strange Story."

Yes, but between its distant extremities the bridge of life has many high and awful arches, through which the wild waters dash and roar in wrath and desolation. Prayer and worship alone do not sustain these. Nature's solid rocks must lie unshaken beneath, and human art and skill must rear and solidify the structure overhead. God's will is best exemplified in the laws He has made for the creatures whom He has placed under their control. Neither the child's trustful "Our Father," nor the old man's "Forget me not in the midst of mine infirmities," will alter this by the weight of a single grain.

Science and art first—then faith and prayer—is the order of heaven itself. Divinity leans through its agents, and these agents are the discoveries of men; not the vague announcements of prophets or seers. Is life a burden to you? Does time drag? Is your power to cope with life's problem and duties weakened? You are not well. Your blood is sluggish and tainted, perhaps, or some important organ is torpid or overworked. This fact may have taken the form of dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout, malaria, pains in the stomach, chronic headache or any of a dozen other ailments. Dr. J. C. AYER'S SASSAPARILLA will invigorate you, as fresh air invigorates those who have been shut up in damp, builded cells. It is powerful, pure, delicious, scientific, safe—the keystone of the central arch of the bridge of life.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known physicians should be of interest to every sufferer:

"Eight years ago I had an attack of rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, and, without help, I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your Sarsaparilla, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public."

E. F. HARRIS, River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM.

GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Jail, writes: "I was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883."

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Great Reduction

in all kinds of

WINTER GOODS, BLANKETS

HAIR, GLOVES

Hosiery, Underwear, Boots, Flanne

even if you do not need them this Season it will repay you to buy and hold them over until next.

We have a large stock of Turkey Prunes and have reduced them to 8 cents per pound—3 lbs. for 23 cents.

Try our Choice Syrup at 60 cents per gallon. Also have a good one, a little dark in color, at 45 cents.

QUEENS & GLASSWARE also greatly reduced in price.

VALENTINE STORE Co., Lim., Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Belleville, Penn'a.

Belleville, Penn'a.

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Belleville, Penn'a.

SONG OF THE SKATES.

Hear the ringing of the skates!
Gleaming skates!
What a racket, rich and rollicking,
The rhythmic sound creates!
How they clink, clink, clink,
Like the clanging of the "chink"
Which the miser loves to handle as he pours
It in his crates!
How they jingle, jingle, jingle,
On the glassy ice at night,
While the youth and maidens mingle
With their shouts of wild delight,
As they go
To and fro,
Gliding here, dashing there,
Rosy cheeks, flying hair,
Sturdy lads, and lassies fair!
Ho! Away with melancholy!
Let us frolic and be jolly
On the ice.
Though old folks think it's folly,
Yet it's nice.
Let us skate, skate, skate,
Till our hearts become elate
With the merriment and jollity that such a
pleasure brings.
While old Time with mirthful twinkles
Flies with laughter-laden wings.
How each skater navigates,
Radiates and gyrates,
As his speed accelerates,
And he circumnavigates
On the smooth and shiny surface with his
scintillating skates!

TROUBLE ABOARD.

Some years ago I ran an old schooner out of Mobile. She was a small craft not more than 100 tons burden—and had originally come from some northern port. I called her the *Eutaw*, and I made many profitable runs along the coast of the gulf, and two or three times I doubled the capes of Florida.

While we lay at Mobile taking in a load for New Orleans, two of the most desperate villains in Alabama were apprehended. Their names were Adolph Leroy and Matt Vickers, and they had committed a good many robberies and more than one murder in the country between the two big rivers. They were lodged in the jail at Mobile, and as soon as they were thus secure the evidence came in against their fast and strong, the number of burglaries and highway robberies they had committed was also beyond compute, and at least five murders were fastened upon them. But one morning it was found that the prisoners had escaped, and those who had been so free to testify against them turned pale when they received the information, and turned away in mortal terror. A reward of \$4,000 was offered for their recapture, or \$2,000 for one of them. But they were not to be found. No one had seen them, and no traces of them could be discovered.

On the second day after the escape of these rascals I was ready to sail, and got under way about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. My crew consisted of only myself and my two sons, Stephen and John. Stephen was 20 years old and Jack 18, and they were both of them stout, rugged boys. Our runs were so short that I found this to be crew enough, though, very frequently I took one or two more hands. But on this occasion we had promise of a quick, fair passage, and we three concluded to run her through. We had a fair wind for a start, and ran down the bay at a good rate, opening the passages between the Dauphin and Mobile Point a little after 6. We were just passing the light house, and I had the helm, when I sung out to the boys to stand by the sheets. Stephen went to the main sheet, but I didn't see Jack. I waited a few minutes, and then sang out again. Presently the boy came up from the forepeak, but instead of going to the sheet he came aft, and I was just going to tell him to go back to the fore sheet when I discovered that he looked real kind o' startled and fearful.

"What is it?" says I, forgetting the sheets; for I knew that when one of my boys showed a quivering lip there was something more than ordinary to gay.

He put his fingers to his lips and told me to speak low. "For," said he, "we've got passengers aboard."

"Ha—runaway negroes!" said I. "Not quite so simple," returned Jack, with a dubious shake of the head. "We have got two villains aboard."

"What two?"

"Leroy and Vickers!"

"Get out!" said I, thinking he must be joking.

"Father," said he—and when he spoke "father" in that way I knew there was nothing but sober seriousness in what was to come after it—"I tell you they're aboard this schooner! They're in the hold, chock for'd; and, what's more, they mean to come out when we get well out-side! I've heard it all!"

I steered straight out and listened to Jack; for I knew it must be as he said. We had no fore-castle parted off from the hold, as all of us that ever wanted passage had plenty of room in the cabin; but we had a forepeak parted off chock in between the bows, where we stowed all rigging and tar buckets and such kind of stuff. While we were running down, Jack had gone into this place to pick out some rope, yarn, and as he found an easy seat upon an old sail, he sat down there, with his back against the bulkhead, and began to unlay a piece of rope for the yards.

He had not been at work a great while before he heard a noise among the boxes in the hold, and after listening a few minutes he knew that somebody was in there. He knew it could not be either I or Stephen for he had heard us both on deck; so he thought it must be a negro. Presently he heard a voice

and then an answer. There were two of them—and they were white men, too. Jack sat as still as a mouse, with his ear to the thin bulkhead, and he could hear nearly all that was said. He soon discovered that they were the two villains who had escaped from the lockup in Mobile, and that they meant to kill us and throw us overboard as soon as we got outside and then make a run across the gulf to Cuba.

As soon as I heard Jack's story I knew it was all just so, for he could repeat the very words they had spoken. They had crawled into the hold two nights before, and as we had commenced to fill up forward before that, they had not been disturbed. They had weapons with them, and had managed to get some bread and water. And they had kept the run of the time pretty well, for Jack heard them tell over how long it would be before night would set in, and they had it to a very few minutes. They knew we should be outside by dark, and then they meant to come on deck. I asked Jack if he was sure they hadn't heard him in the forepeak. "They couldn't," he said, "for I never made a bit of noise after I knew they were there. They had been further aft when I went down, and were crawling back to their old nest when I heard 'em. No, they don't suspect that they're discovered."

When I first began to reflect on this I must confess that I was more than bothered. I was startled and fearful. I thought what notorious, bloodthirsty villains they were, and with what perfect readiness they would cut our throats and toss us overboard.

"Stephen," said I as I saw how thoughtful he was, "what do you think of it?"

"Why," said he, raising his head and speaking as coolly as though he had been talking about ordinary business. "I think we'll pocket that \$4,000!"

"Eh?" said I. "We've got 'em hard and fast," he added, "and we can lay low and take 'em. There ain't but one way for 'em to get out of the hold while the hatches are on, and that's through the forepeak; and I suppose they've already got a passage marked out through the bulkhead. The boards are thin, and they can easily get one or two of 'em out of the way. I rather calculate they'll find something falling about the time they show themselves on the deck."

As soon as Stephen began to speak I saw how simple and practical our advantage was; and when I saw that Jack was cool and confident, I had no more fears; but set about the work of preparation at once. I knew that the cargo was so stowed that the villains could not reach the cabin bulkhead, and I also knew that they could not force the hatches. Of course they could reach the deck in the easiest way possible, and that would be as my boy had said. It was now past sundown, and we had left the Dauphin on our quarter, and by dark would be well outside. The wind was from the northwest, so we had it on our beam, and needed to pay but little attention to the sails.

The little hatch or scuttleway to the forepeak was just abait the heel of the bowsprit, and as it had been left open all day, we left it open now. We had pistols a-board—good ones—as we always carried about the docks; and one of our first movements was to see that these were carefully loaded, for we might have to use them in a case of an emergency. Then we arranged that Stephen and I should conceal ourselves behind the bits by the bowsprit, and that upon a given signal, Jack should leave the helm and conceal himself abait the foremast, ready to render such assistance as might be necessary.

As soon as the night had fairly shut in Stephen and I crept noiselessly forward and took our stations by the bitts. It was not very dark, for there were no clouds in the heavens, and the stars shone bright and clear; still it was dark enough for our purpose. We had not lain there 15 minutes when I heard a sound from below and I whispered to Stephen and asked him if he had heard it.

"Yes," he said. "They are moving a board away from the bulkhead."

I could hear them very plainly, and as soon as I was satisfied that they were coming I threw a small stone upon the deck. This was the sign agreed upon with Jack and he immediately came forward and took up his station directly abait the foremast. He had lashed the tiller so that all was safe for the time on that score.

Presently I heard the tread of the villains among the rubbish in the forepeak, and directly afterward I saw a human head slowly rise above the opening of the little hatchway. It remained in sight a moment and then disappeared. I asked Stephen if he saw it.

"Yes," said he, "and they'll both be up presently."

"Your hand is steady?" I asked.

"As steady as ever a dead calm was, and as stout as a hurricane," he replied.

Just as he answered, I heard a foot upon the ladder, and I grasped my handspike with a firm grip, and looked to my pistol to be sure that it was ready for use in case of need. The head soon reappeared, and this time a body followed it. One of the rascals came slowly, and stepped upon the deck not four feet from where I was

concealed, and in a few seconds afterward his companion followed him.

"Hist!" said the one who had come up first, as the other reached his side. "They are aft. Shall we use our knives first, or get some clubs?"

"Get clubs," was the response, "and use the knives if we need them."

"All right. We'll find handspikes somewhere. We shall take 'em by surprise and finish 'em before—"

I don't know what more the fellow might have said for at that moment he began to look around, as though hunting for a handspike, and I was fearful that he might discover me in my hiding place, so I passed the word to Stephen, and we leaped to our feet. My man heard the movement behind him, but before he could turn my handspike was upon his head, and he staggered against the weather-rail close by the cat-head. I saw that he was stunned, and I leaped after him. He warded off my next blow with his right arm, but it cost him dear, for it broke the bone short off above the elbow. The knife which he had drawn fell to the deck, and before he could recover himself I succeeded in knocking him down.

Stephen's first blow had been more effective than mine, for his man sank beneath it, and was securely bound before he could give any signs of returning consciousness. Jack had sprung to my assistance, and was ready with his pistol just as I broke the villain's arm; but he saw how matters were going, so he reserved his fire, knowing that I wished to take the fellows alive if possible. We bound his legs together, but when I found how badly his right arm was broken I left that one to hang, and lashed the left arm to the body.

As soon as this was accomplished we put the schooner about and made back toward the bay, for I was determined to land the rascals in Mobile as quickly as possible. We moved them aft upon the quarter deck, and when they came to their senses and realized what had happened they raved in all sorts of shapes. They swore that no jail or prison could hold them—that they should surely get away again, and that their first work should be to send me and my two boys out of the world; but if we would let them go, they would be more considerate and would not harm us. They kept up this strain until they found it would not work, and then they assured us that that they had untold sums of money concealed in various places, and if we would let them go they would make us rich.

But they succeeded no better than before, and then they went into the bloody threats again. This they kept up until they found that we were paying no attention to them, and then the one whom I had attended to, and who proved to be Matt Vickers, seemed to discover that his man wanted caring for and ere long he began to groan with pain. But I could give him little help. I fixed a cushion for his arm to rest upon, and thus he had to remain and make the best of it. He begged me to let him up, but there was so much ugliness in his tone that I wouldn't trust him.

We dropped anchor close to the city about 11 o'clock at night, and Jack pulled ashore in the boat and brought officers aboard, into whose hands we resigned our prisoners. Matt Vickers had his arm set by an experienced surgeon, but not long afterwards he got his neck broken by the hangman, and in this latter catastrophe Adolph Leroy kept him company.

The reward of \$4,000 was cheerfully paid over to us, so that our little bit of trouble and excitement turned out well for both ourselves and the community at large.

Habits of the Aye Aye.

This curious lemurine animal, which is confined to certain districts of Madagascar, has received its name from the Malagassy expression of surprise, "Hay! Hay!" The name should be written Halhay, as each syllable commences with an aspirate. Native reports are contradictory as to its habits in a wild state, but Rev. G. A. Shaw has sent to the Zoological Society of London some notes on one in confinement. It eats bananas and the small fruits of several native shrubs, and fancies rice boiled in milk and sweetened with sugar, but will not touch meat, larvae, moths, beetles or eggs. It does not hold its food in its hands, as some lemurs do, but uses them to hold it upon the floor of the cage. After it has eaten it invariably draws each of its long claws through its mouth, as though, in its natural state, these had taken a chief part in procuring the food. It is not so easily tamed as some writers have said, since Mr. Shaw's experience was that his example was "very savage, and when attacking strikes with its hands; with anything but a slow movement. As might be imagined in a nocturnal animal, its movements in the day are slow and uncertain, and it may be said to be inoffensive then." A number of superstitious beliefs are by the natives connected with it.

JEWELRY may be nicely cleaned by dipping in hot, soapy water and polishing with a little white powder and a piece of chamois. It is better not to try this too often with gold watches.

Summer and Greeley.

Charles Sumner, many years before he was known in Politics, sought the acquaintance of Horace Greeley in New York. He found the journalist much engaged, and was invited by him to come to his house the next morning and take breakfast. Mr. Sumner was not an early riser, and he liked a good breakfast when he did get up. He rather anticipated one in this case. At the early hour named by Mr. Greeley he left the Astor House, took a stage, and rode several miles up Broadway, and after much difficulty found the residence of his new friend at an old-fashioned farm-house, situated in the middle of an orchard between Broadway and the river, where he was hospitably received by the occupants. After considerable conversation with Mr. Greeley the latter remarked to his wife, who had come into the room, that Mr. Sumner would probably like something to eat. She expressed a doubt whether there was anything in the house, at which Sumner, who was really hungry after his long ride, was somewhat—well, surprised, to say the least. "Why, mother," said Greeley to his wife, "you must have some milk, some bread and milk in the house." She thought that it might be so, and soon appeared with a mug, two bowls and some crackers, which she placed on a bare pine table, and the two incipient philanthropists ate their breakfast in peace. Anybody who knew Sumner and his dainty ways in these things can appreciate the situation. No doubt it was the first and last time he ever did justice to bread and milk. The friend to whom Sumner related this incident had a feeling, which time rather strengthened, that the older philosopher was practising a grim joke on the gay and somewhat festive young man from Boston. Sumner, however, never could appreciate a joke, and considered the transaction a real one so far as good faith was concerned, although he related it with considerable glee. Perhaps he had in his heart something of the feeling of Thackeray, who once said to a friend in Boston, "I often wish I knew whether Becky Sharp was really guilty when found by her husband with the Marquis de Steyne under such remarkable circumstances."

Vienna Tragedies.

News from Vienna in relation to burning girls to death fixes the crimes in one, Hugo Schenk, who is an American citizen. It is asserted that in 1865 he ran away from Vienna to America, where he spent several years. Schenk has so far confessed only to the murders of the servant girls, but he and his brother and an accomplice named Schlossarek have murdered at least twenty persons. He excuses himself by saying that he narcotized his victims and that they died without pain. Schenk behaves in a most cynical manner. He plays chess in his cell and writes poetry of a sentimental tone. There were frightful scenes at the police office. The relations of the murdered girls came to identify the things found with Schenk. Many recognized Schenk as the man who had promised to marry their missing relatives. Schenk has a wife in Bohemia. She expresses herself to an interviewer in most tender terms concerning him. She said:—"If Schenk wants me I will go immediately to Vienna to afford him consolation. I have spent with him many happy hours that will never be forgotten." Frau Schenk is a governess in a wealthy family.

Schenk partly confessed his crimes, but denied some of the charges. The locksmith in whose house he was arrested was also taken into custody. It is said that four families have for many years lived solely upon the savings of murdered servant girls, and it is thought likely Schenk's victims will be found to exceed half a dozen. He confessed to one crime which none suspected, and also to having murdered an aunt and niece of the name of Timal. He did not show much courage while being examined and faint several times. Schlossarek, the locksmith, seems a more determined character; but his wife, who was ignorant of his crimes, was difficult to deal with. In her despair she seemed ready to kill her baby for being a murderer's child. It is declared that a band of at least sixteen persons all lived in one house in the remote suburb of Rudolphshaus, near Vienna, and planned these murders. Hugo Schenk was the member intrusted with the work of enticing the girls away and murdering them with Schlossarek's aid.

The first of the cases in which Schenk is suspected dates back to August, 1878, and the last is supposed to have occurred in August last. The earliest victim was Theresa Ketterl, thirty-seven years of age, from Munich, who was employed as cook in the household of an official of the Ministry of Finance. The police were informed that she had been seen at six P. M., on the 4th of August preceding, in the company of a man apparently about thirty-five years old, who on the day before had been going about with her. The stranger was waiting for the missing woman near a house. She came out, and they walked about till nine P. M., when the woman, who is represented by all as of highly respectable character, returned toward her home. She had made the acquaintance of the man by means of a

matrimonial advertisement. On August 4 she said she was going to make an excursion to the mountains, but that she would return before her master did. On the day named she carried a lady's enamelled watch, with chain, several rings and bracelets and a savings bank book for 1,177 florins. It was then ascertained that on August 6—that is, two days after her departure—the book was presented at the savings bank and the money taken out. The woman had taken with her her dog in a basket. On August 10 this "basket" was found in a carriage of the Vienna Paris express train. The basket was empty, but the dog's straw-colored hairs in it were enough to identify it.

On the 20 of December the police received information that Katarina Timal, from Bohemia, forty-seven years of age, and her niece, Josephine Timal, thirty-three years old, a chambermaid out of service, living in a suburb of Vienna, had left with a certain Hugo Schenk, pretending to be a railway engineer, for Cracow, and had not been heard of since by their relatives. This information was lodged by the three sisters of Josephine, the niece. The Director of Police, being informed by telegraph of the occurrence, at once remembered that case of Ketterl, in which the circumstances were similar. It was shown that Josephine Timal was in service, with another girl named Maria Grausam, in the establishment of an old lady in April, 1883. They were both well-behaved, diligent girls, and had, the first 750 florins and the other 500 florins in the savings bank. They thought of marrying, and, like Ketterl, each of them advertised for a husband. Two days afterward Josephine Timal received a letter asking for an interview. The writer came to the house and introduced himself as an engineer out of work. He spoke, however, of a rich aunt, and seems to have gained over the girl very quickly, for after the first interview she told her friend that she was very happy and hoped to make a good marriage. After a further courtship Josephine told Maria that Schenk insisted on her leaving service, as he could not marry a domestic servant. Josephine left her mistress on May 25. It struck the friend Maria as strange that the bridegroom did not come to fetch his bride, but sent her a message, through a commissionaire, that he was waiting for her in the square before the Votive Church.

Nothing has since been heard of Josephine. But in a short time Schenk presented himself at the house of one of her sisters, and told her that he wished their aunt, who was a cook, to take charge of his household. He persuaded the aunt, who had 1,100 florins in the savings bank, to consent, and left Vienna with her on the 4th of June, and the money was all withdrawn from the bank soon afterward. The aunt has not been seen since her departure. On the information being laid, researches were made, and it was stated that the money had been taken out by an unknown man; and it was also found that the pretended engineer had used, in his correspondence with Josephine, a man who passed for his servant, but who was really his brother, Karl Schenk, a railway servant, employed on the Western Railway, and the father of four children. This trace was followed up, and it was discovered that Hugo Schenk had first gone to Prague and then to Linz, where he had been staying since the 1st of November. The inquiry was pursued with great caution. The Director of Police went to Linz; but Schenk, it was found, had left for Vienna.

A Robber's Roost.

A robber's roost was discovered by Mr. and Mrs. James Guthrie, of Denver, recently, in a gulch near Webster, Colorado. Returning from a visit to their daughter, whose home is at Grant Station, they lost their way. They traveled until nightfall before they found a cabin. In it was a rude table, some chairs, a large open stove, and a good supply of fuel, and on a shelf were six loaded revolvers, several cartridge belts filled with ammunition, and three pairs of spurs. Mr. Guthrie stabled his horses in the dark, and re-entered the cabin and fastened the heavy door with a huge bolt that fitted into slots in the logs. At about midnight Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie were awakened by sounds outside. A man said:—"I wonder who is there! Shall we force the door?" The answer was:—"Tain't no use; that door will stand as long as the cabin itself." Then the voices faded away. Mr. Guthrie lay until long after daybreak ere he ventured out. Then, on going to harness his horses by daylight, he found in the barn six mail bags that had been opened, and other evidences of highway-men's operations.

SQUIRREL ON TOAST.—Mince the meat of a cold squirrel very fine, chop an equal quantity of onions and mushrooms and stew them until tender with a tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of cold gravy and a little salt and pepper. When the vegetables are tender put in the mince; let it boil up at once, and serve it immediately on toast.

SWEETBREAD.—Parboil and let them stand in cold water for half an hour. Wipe dry and place in the oven in a pan in which has been put a cup of water and a tablespoonful of butter. When brown remove them and serve immediately.

French Receipts.

Dinners are always welcome, and they have become the only form of entertainment which is universally popular and sure to "draw." There was a time when dinners were only given to attract amiable, powerful old fogies, when no hostess in her senses would have thought of wasting the best crus of Bordeaux and Burgundy on young gentlemen whose mustaches had not yet sprouted. Even ladies on the right side of thirty used to think that a dinner was a rather coarse and tedious infliction, only to be endured once in a while; but now, to the great delight of the Faculty of Medicine, whose members make rare incomes out of the public mania for indigestion, every man who can afford to live in *fine* apartments sets up a man cook to tamper with his friends' stomachs. You cannot make the acquaintance of a Parisian without his bidding you to dinner, and at his table he introduces you to others who mark you down speedily as a victim for the mysterious concoctions of their *chefs*. All this high feeding would require a good deal of exercise to keep its effects in check; but Parisians are not addicted to any form of exercise except lounging. Ladies drive out to the Bois in the afternoon when the weather is fine, and men stroll up and down the Avenue des Champs Elysees to see them pass. Very few men ride; some go and practice with the foils occasionally at a fencing-school; but even this is too much of an effort for the Parisian in easy circumstances, who, after his saunter in the Champs Elysees, generally kills the time before dinner by paying visits. In this matter, again, customs have curiously altered of late years, for inexorable etiquette used to compel gentlemen who called ceremoniously upon ladies to put on dress clothes, and after this pious practice had fallen into abeyance frock coats and gray pantaloons were long regarded as indispensable; but nowadays visits are paid in cutaway coats and dogskin gloves, which may or may not smell of tobacco, according to the wearer's taste. Everybody smokes; there are many ladies of position who plead guilty to a half a dozen, daily cigarettes, and at some houses where a conservatory is annexed to the drawing-room the afternoon caller is graciously told to "light up" if he pleases. Should he prefer tea and cakes, there they are. Tea is now understood in Paris, and is no longer served up in weak, straw-colored infusions, but in honest brews of refreshing strength. Many Frenchmen, however, cling to the national delusion that a *petit verre* of brandy or rum is needed to bring out the flavor.

The Disappearing Bang.

The decadence of the bang is announced. A matter of such importance cannot be ignored. In all ages the dressing of the hair has occupied the feminine mind to a very large extent. The Talmud informs us that Eve, in the Garden of Eden at the dawning of the world, curled around her rosy fingers the silken ringlets that fell upon her pearly shoulders when she observed the approach of Adam through the trees. Even St. Paul, in his powerful epistles, draws attention to the fact that hair is the adornment of a woman, and a charm that she should glory in. Tarquin became enamored of Lucrece when she saw her shimmering tresses kissing her blushing cheeks, as she bent over her spinning wheel. Napoleon became infatuated when his eyes rested upon the raven coils of Josephine. In view of the potent charms attached to "Only a Woman's Hair," the general public will be interested in learning that bangs are disappearing from the foreheads of the fair leaders of fashion. A few years ago a young lady without bangs would have been as obsolete as a 3-cent postage stamp. Now one who wears bangs is looked at askance, as much so as if she appeared in a dashing jockey costume. The bang is out of date. It has served its purpose, and must go. The new styles are the Saratoga wave and the Grecian coil. The Saratoga wave is a revival in a modified form of the custom which prevailed twenty-five years ago, when ladies were wont to part their hair in the middle and bring it down in two semi-circles from the centre of the forehead, covering the ears, and fastening it at the back of the head. The new style makes the curve toward the back of the head begin at the temples. The effect is to bring out the attractive features of the face and conceal bulging foreheads and creased temples. The Grecian coil is a skillful twisting of the hair at the back of the head. It has a very charming effect, and makes a pretty woman perfectly irresistible when she turns her back,

GRAVED HAM.—Boil a ham remove the skin and set away until cold. Rub all over with a well-beaten egg. Mix together two cups of rolled crackers, a tablespoonful of melted butter and milk enough to make a thick paste; spread thickly over the ham and set in the oven to brown.

CLAMS WITH CREAM.—Chop fifty small clams, not too fine, and season them with pepper and salt. Put into a stewpan butter the size of an egg, and when it bubbles sprinkle in a teaspoonful of flour, which cook a few minutes; stir gradually into it the clam liquor, then the clams, which stew about two or three minutes; then add a cupful of boiling cream and serve immediately.

"Didn't I leave an order three days ago for weather strips?" demanded an indignant citizen of the proprietor of a Woodward Avenue store yesterday.

"Yes, sir, you did."

"And didn't you say you would send a man to put them on?"

"I did."

"And he was sick, I suppose?"

"No, sir; he went up there two days ago."

"And put on the strips?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"On the front and side doors, of course."

"On the doors—of course—who in Halifax ordered them on the doors of the house? I wanted them strips to the barn doors!"

"You did?"

"Certainly I did. Do you suppose I want draughts of air sweeping in on my poor horses this kind of weather?"

Ned Buckley called on a friend of his the other day in New York, and the door was answered by a charming little waitress.

"Is Jack at home," he said.

"No, sir; he has gone out."

"Ah, very good, I will write my name for him."

He enters a small waiting room and commences a conversation of considerable duration with the waitress.

"And your name, sir?" she said, as he got ready to leave.

"Oh, never mind that," said Ned, "just tell him what has happened, and he will know it was me."

Fire Alarm.

I have been a severe sufferer a long time with kidney troubles, causing severe pains in back and sides; and from the recommendation of the Chief of Fire Department, Mr. Ira Wood, formerly of Syracuse, who had used Hunt's Kidney Remedy with wonderful success, I commenced using it, and found speedy relief in a short time, and it has completely cured me of the pains in the back. I have recommended it to others in the department, that have used it with great success, and I do not hesitate to recommend it to any one troubled with kidney, liver or bladder troubles.

H. KIRKLAND,
Sup't Fire Alarm, Syracuse, N.Y. June 12, '83

Fireman's Trouble.

I have been troubled a long time with kidney weakness, a great proportion of the time with severe pains in the back. Having heard Hunt's Kidney Remedy recommended, very highly for troubles of the kidney and urinary organs by Ira Wood, ex-chief of the fire department of Syracuse, he having been cured of a severe case of kidney disease lately by the use of Hunt's Kidney Remedy, I purchased a bottle and used it, and have not been troubled any since, and I know of many others here in Syracuse that have used it and recommended it as a great medium for the kidneys, and I do not hesitate to say that it is a remarkable medicine.

TACON WOLZARD,
Member of Syracuse Fire Department,
Syracuse, N. Y., June 11, 1883.

A PETULANT Hartwell husband who was trying to hurry up dinner the other day asked her:

"Did you ever see a snail?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the road."

"Well, I bet you met it."

"Why?"

"Cause you would never have caught up with it."

"Wife," said an up-town man to his spouse recently, "how many house-plants shall you try to carry through the winter?" "Only this Jerusalem cherry tree—three in all. The husband made an entry in his notebook, when she inquired: "But why do you ask?" In order to know how much extra coal to order for the winter supply," was the cruel answer. Judging from your list I lack last winter I think I had better lay in about an extra ton apiece for each plant."

Are Dreams Prophetic?

SOME INSTANCES IN POINT—HOW PREDICTIONS MAY BE DEFEATED.

Ten days before his death Lincoln dreamed that the President lay dead in the White House, "killed by the hand of an assassin." When his wife heard of the tragedy she exclaimed: "His dream was prophetic!" The majority of dreams, however, are never fulfilled—they are too fantastic, or they are solved by our own efforts. People are often surprised of the idea that they will "soon die," they find themselves the subject of strange "visions." They know they are not what they once were, and as they approach certain ages they are quite sure they will not "be long of earth." These impressions are the result of an imagination disordered by disease, but they can be shaken off by prompt and thorough measures. We are told that very many diseases can be prevented; indeed, half the deaths are said to be preventable. Hence the importance of always acting promptly in every personal emergency.

Justice Williams, of West Sandlake, N.Y., very aptly declared in Troy, was for years plagued by forebodings that he was doomed to an early death. He had dull and fitting pains in various parts of his body, his complexion was bad, his appetite was variable, he felt weary without known cause, was constantly constipated, his tongue was heavily coated, and frequent fevers of a bordering character. He had extreme tenderness and pain in the back, great lassitude, gravely deposits in water, which was dark, frothy and odorous, all indicating liver and kidney troubles. These developments alarmed him, especially since physicians did him no good. About giving up in despair, he followed the counsel of one of the Supreme Court Justices to use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy (of London, N.Y.) as an experiment. It scattered his bad feelings, revived his appetite, restored his liver and kidneys, renewed his blood, increased his weight by twenty pounds, and to it alone he gives the credit of saving his life. Dreams and warnings and forebodings of early death need not always be fulfilled if proper measures are promptly taken to defeat them.—Troy, N.Y. Times.

"Pretty expensive business this thing of spending the summer abroad," said Brown. "Not alone because of the cost of travel, but there's the danger of one's house being robbed. Why, when we got home we found that all the family plate had been stolen."

"That comes," said Jones, "of not having the plate securely screwed to the door from the inside. When a man has a handsome door-plate he wants to take care of it."

"Rough on Corns."

As for "Rough on Corns," 15c. Quick relief, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

"Yes, Gerald a governor is frequently called 'this excellency,' in all States except Pennsylvania, where Governor Pattison is addressed as 'his excellency.' Indicating that his administration is a little extra? Bless you, no; nothing extra about it except a legislative session, which, like all extra costs more than all the rest of the bill."

How many signs and tokens might be averted if kindness of hand, kindness of heart, and kindness of speech were general.

—There is a single sentence in the English foreign enlistment act which exceeds in length any sentence of Mr. Ewart's. It contains 600 words.

Causes of Nervousness.

The maladies which above all others cause nervousness, are dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation. The great sympathetic nerve which connects the epigastric region with the brain, is always injuriously affected if the stomach and bowels are disordered; a permanent derangement of the functions of these organs reacts by sympathy upon the entire nervous system. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, in restoring tone and regularity to the digestive apparatus, and overcoming constipation, permanently remedy the nervous complaints which originate in alimentary weakness or disturbances. They are the very best nervine that can be used. By eradication the exciting causes of nervous weakness, they permanently overcome the disability itself. But this is not all. By checking the malady which cause nervousness, they build up anew the system weakened and depleted by nervous disease.

—Candy pulls are included among the fashionable entertainments of the hour among people who think it fun to be socially democratic.

A Cure of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering a permanent cure was effected.

—Statistics make it appear that there are afloat, all told, nearly 50,000 sailing vessels, of which more than a third carry the English flag.

All forms of Heart Disease have been cured by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price \$1.60 for \$5.

—The Birmingham, Ala., schools observe the birthdays of the leading American poets by readings and recitations from their works.

"Ruchu-Palpa"

The quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. 1c. Druggists.

—The Pensacola navy yard sectional dry dock, which cost \$1,000,000 in 1877, is reported as rusting out on the beach for the want of care.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed on by the humbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Frazer's, with label on. Saves your horse labor and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

—It appears that the leaf of a plant can transform into useful work as much as 40 per cent. of the solar energy it receives and absorbs.

—The yield of ice between New York and Troy is expected to be 3,000,000 tons.

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS

TRADE MARK.

The pills are warranted to be PURELY vegetable, free from all mineral and other poisonous substances. They are a certain cure for Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Loss of Appetite, and all diseases arising from the

Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys.

They remove all obstructions from the channels of the system and purify the blood, thereby imparting health, strength and vigor. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps by

P. NEUSTADTER & CO.,
83 Mercer St., New York.

THE COMBINATION OF INGREDIENTS

used in making BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHISKS is such as to give the best possible effect with safety. They are the best remedy in use for Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases. 25 cents a box.

Life Insurance Outside.

Life without health, wealth and health can be secured by checking the first appearance of disease. All the body is from the blood and blood is formed by the digestive organs. Keep the stomach and liver healthy and clear of congestions, and you conquer disease. Under the first appearance of disorder take St. Bernard's Vegetable Pills. They are the oldest and best blood purifier in the world, safe, certain and agreeable. All druggists sell them.

—The first executive act, of Mayor Martin, of Boston, was to direct the City Messenger to disperse the crowds of loungers who have infested the City Hall for the past year.

Consumption.

I have a positive cure for this terrible disease, by its use. I have cured many cases, and I am now curing many more. I have cured many cases, and I am now curing many more. I have cured many cases, and I am now curing many more.

PISOS REMEDY FOR CATARRH

Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Gold in the Head, Hoarseness, Hay Fever, etc.

Agents Wanted

I have a positive cure for this terrible disease, by its use. I have cured many cases, and I am now curing many more. I have cured many cases, and I am now curing many more. I have cured many cases, and I am now curing many more.

TO MOTHERS

Is your child fretful? Does it pick its nose, or pull its ears, or grind its teeth, or is it full of worms, and you should use CLARK'S INFALLIBLE WORM SYRUP. AT ONCE MAKE IT EFFECTUAL IN ITS ACTION. See a bottle. Druggists.

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest Inducement ever offered. Now's your time to get up. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 10 N. 3rd St., New York, N.Y.

ABSOLUTELY THE BEST WILSON'S LIGHTNING SEWER!

One thousand articles a minute. The only absolutely first-class Sewing Machine in the world. Sewers, drains, gutters, and all other plumbing. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 10 N. 3rd St., New York, N.Y.

X—consulted one of his friends in regard to the proper treatment for his mother-in-law, who was very sick. "Shall I call in an allopathist or a homeopathist?" asked he. "Oh! there is no choice between them; the first will kill their patients and the others let them die." "Then I will take an allopathist; the poor woman will suffer less."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had pined in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all other Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 185 Foster's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

—The Hon. Edward McPherson, ex-clerk of the house of representatives, retired just twenty years from the date of his first election.

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms also as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the Ferro-Phosphated-Elixir of Calais, made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

—The city of New London, Conn., is to celebrate the centenary of its incorporation, which falls this year, in a fitting manner.

I am a non-believer in Patent Medicines, but having experienced marked relief from Acanth Catarrh and hemorrhoids by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, I can recommend it to those suffering from this loathsome complaint and to those afflicted with hemorrhoids or stoppage of the throat so annoying to singers and clergymen.—Louis E. Phillips, 1425 N. Y. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. (Price 50 cents.)

—King Louis of Bavaria has commanded a series of private performances of "Parsifal" for his own special gratification.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen out. It is used in any manner that affects the scalp, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is labeled on. Saves your hair and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

—Prince Bismarck's son, now in the legation in London, receives great attention in the highest English society.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, and all the modern conveniences. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stage and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

—Ex-Governor English, of Connecticut, who started out in life as a carpenter, is now worth \$6,000,000, and is the richest man in his state.

Life Insurance Outside.

Life without health, wealth and health can be secured by checking the first appearance of disease. All the body is from the blood and blood is formed by the digestive organs. Keep the stomach and liver healthy and clear of congestions, and you conquer disease. Under the first appearance of disorder take St. Bernard's Vegetable Pills. They are the oldest and best blood purifier in the world, safe, certain and agreeable. All druggists sell them.

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—A genuine Rembrandt has, it is said, arrived in Paris, and is pronounced by competent judges to be superior to the one in Louvre, which is valued at \$100,000.

Carboline.

The winter blast is stern and cold, Yet summer has its harvest gold; And the baldest head that ever was seen Can be covered well with Carboline.

—The sand of the Desert of Sahara is of a yellow color, and consists of about ninety per cent. of well-rounded quartz grains and nine per cent. of felspar.

Malaria, chills, positively cured by Emory's Standard Cure Pills. Their equal unknown; sugar coated; no griping. 25c.

—Hon. Geo. A. Post, who was seven years ago Mayor of Squahanna, Pa., is at the age of 29 years the youngest member of the present Congress.

Millions have died with Bright's kidney disease and rheumatic diseases. Dr. Elmore is the first to discover a cure. He has treated thousands with his rheumatic Goutalene and never lost a case. It always cures.

—Burlington county, N. J., has organized vigilance committees to cope with thieves that have been depreeding among poultry and cattle here.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. It is sold by all druggists. Send to 210 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

—Pompey's pillar has no reference to Pompey, but whether it was set up in honor of Vespasian, Severus, Adrian or Diocletian no one knows.

Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. Price, 25 cents.

—A colored woman, employed as cook in Augusta, has made a bequest in her will of \$600 to the Paine Institute.

A man 75 years old used Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for enlargement of the heart. It cured him. Price \$1.

—James Crutcher killed the Tuscarora, Nev., Lodge of Old Fellows one hundred dollars, conditioned that the Lodge should bury him and pay his bill, which was done.

When Lord Coleridge visited the New York Stock Exchange, the brokers sang "God Save the Queen." His Lordship might stay over here ten thousand years and he would never hear anybody sing "God Save the Brokers." The Americans are a practical hard-working, sensible people, who believe that the age of miracles has gone by.

Young men or middle aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

—The substitution of an automatic sweeping machine for the old hand labor on the streets of Paris threatens to soon make the chiffonier a character of the past in the French capital.

"Woman and her Diseases"

is the title of an interesting treatise (96 pages) sent, postpaid, for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

—It is an actual fact that in 1882 over 1,200,000 house cats were used in the fur trade. Black, white, maltese, and tortoise-shell skins are most in demand, and are made into linings.

A Dead Shot

may be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pills." Mild and certain in operation; and there is none of the reaction consequent upon taking severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

—Auburn, N. H., has only two paupers to support, and a clear balance of \$5,000 in her treasury to do with.

Not a costly medicine—25 doses Piso's Cure for Consumption for 50 cents.

—Seven bulls and seventy horses have been killed in Madrid for the amusement of the German crown prince.

Is your liver sound? 100-page book free. Address Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane st., New York.

—A cloth saturated in cold water and laid before the bed at night is suggested as a sure cure for a somnambulist.

For sore feet, swollen joints, sprains, corns or bunions, use St. Patrick's Salve.

—Canada now has a cutlery manufactory operated by men brought over from Sheffield.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infalible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

—No money is wasted that is paid to purchase tranquility.

Phoenix Pectoral breaks a cold and stops coughs.

A PUBLIC AVENGER: Some cranks have inspirations to murder, and some hear a whispered voice telling them to go for the gas company. That sort of a voice whispered to Michael McQueen, of New York, and his mania has been to get into empty houses and set every burner to buzzing. He wasted \$600 worth of gas for one company before being arrested. A peaceful calm will steal over lots of souls to even read of it.

—In the Methodist and Baptist Churches of the South there are 1,500,000 negroes.

Say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near you.

Hale's Honey

Of Horehound and Tar.

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A REMEDY FOR COLIC, BRUISES, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, SCURF, SCALD, RASHES, ETC. IT IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, AND BRONCHES. IT IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, AND BRONCHES. IT IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, AND BRONCHES.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and 1c. per bottle. Look out for imitations. Genuine Hale's Honey is in one package. Genuine Hale's Honey is in one package. Genuine Hale's Honey is in one package.

—Jay Gould figures his losses in stocks at various times at over \$100,000,000.

JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER MODERATE PAINS AND AFFECTIONS. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Price 25c. per bottle. Directions in 11 Languages. (Prepared by J. COEGLER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.)

SAMARITAN NERVE

A SPECIFIC FOR Epilepsy, Spasms, Convulsions, Falling Sickness, S. Vitt. Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Syphilis, Scrofula, King Evil, Ugly Blemishes, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Rheumatism, Nervous Weakness, Brain Worry, Blood Spots, Nervous Catarrhs, Nervous Prostration, Kidney Trouble and Irregularities. \$1.50.

Sample Testimonials.

"Samaritan Nerve is doing wonders." Dr. J. O. McLain, Alexandria, Va., Ala.

"I feel it my duty to recommend it." Dr. J. P. Langhlin, Clyde, Kansas.

"It cured where physicians failed." Rev. J. A. Edie, Beaver, Pa.

Correspondence freely answered. The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., St. Joseph, Mo. For testimonials and circulars send stamp. (7) At Druggists. C. N. Crittenton, Agent, N. Y.

HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other local or deep-seated. It soothes, strengthens and stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gum-resin and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, ointments and salves. Price 25c. per 6 for \$1.50.

A GREAT SUCCESS

For all kinds of Pains, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and all other moderate pains and affections. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Price 25c. per bottle. Directions in 11 Languages. (Prepared by J. COEGLER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.)

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD CATARRH OF THE NOSE, THROAT, LUNGS, AND BRONCHES. IT IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, AND BRONCHES. IT IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, AND BRONCHES. IT IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, AND BRONCHES.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

DR. DYES

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD CATARRH OF THE NOSE, THROAT, LUNGS, AND BRONCHES. IT IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, AND BRONCHES. IT IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, AND BRONCHES. IT IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, AND BRONCHES.

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED for the West and South. Selling Voltaic Belts and Blisters. Price reduced to 50c. per set. NATIONAL PAT. CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Prompts Personal will cure your cough. Price 25c. per set.

WHAT SUBSCRIBERS SAY.

I cannot speak too highly of the ANNOY, my boys think they ought to be without it. Mrs. N. A. ALLEN, West Richmond, Ohio.

The ANNOY has been so good this year I must be a subscriber. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

I like the ANNOY very much, and think it greatly in advance of the usual type of papers for the young. The boys like it. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

I have taken a number of papers, but I never saw one so good as the ANNOY. It is the best of the kind. I would not be without it for any price. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

I should like the ANNOY to be paid for by the Government. It is the best of the kind. I would not be without it for any price. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

I have been a reader of the ANNOY the last year, and cannot now do without it. Let it cost what it will. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

The ANNOY is the very best paper of the kind published. I would not be without it for any price. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

I prize the ANNOY above all other papers. It is high in tone and instructive. I am sure to leave a lasting impression with its readers. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

The character of the ANNOY commends itself to all. I have read the Golden Days, Youth's Companion, and Wide-World, but I never saw one so good as the ANNOY. I would not be without it for any price. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE GOLDEN ARGOY is handsomely printed on lined paper, and is freighted with reading matter. It is the best of the kind. I would not be without it for any price. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

It is a sparkling and pure, interesting and high-toned. The best authors in America contribute to its columns. Journal, Lawrence, Mo.

Packs and guarantees who would place something as well as instructive, reading matter. It is the best of the kind. I would not be without it for any price. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

The Golden Argoy has no equal in the country. It is the best of the kind. I would not be without it for any price. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

It is a first-class paper, fully equaling the Youth's Companion, and is a great help to the young. It is the best of the kind. I would not be without it for any price. Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, Boston.

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The Golden Argoy is a bright, sparkling paper, full of life

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Feb. 13, 1884.

WHITMER & CO'S

Two stores (connected by telephone) that aint beat anywhere "in this neck o' the woods" buy WHEAT, RYE, BARLEY, &c. SELBARD and SOFT COAL. Manufacturers' Agents for Furniture and Farm Implements. G. R. S. & Co., WHITMER & Co. Spring Mills

ELECTRIC LIGHT

to be seen at

D. GARMAN & SON'S STORE.

People, especially outside of Bellefonte, are invited to call and see the Electric Light at Garman's store.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Good Gingham 5c yard, Garman's. 3
—Gingham 5c yard at Garman's. 3
—Grand concert, by Dr. Perkins' class Centre Hall, on Thursday and Friday evenings. Don't miss them if you love good music.
—Esq. Camp, of this place, has sent his resignation as Justice of the Peace, to Gov. Pattison.
—The ground-hog's a liar—mild weather followed the seeing of his shadow. Do not take any more ground-hog in yours, reader.
—The time for S. L. Strohacker's sale has been changed to Feb. 27.
—Rev. M. L. Forst has resigned his pastorate of the Lutheran church, at Hartleton, to take effect May 1st.
—The proposed new branch of the Pennsylvania railroad from Williamsburg, Blair Co., to Alexandria, is an assured fact.
—The young man who contemplates going to housekeeping this spring should bear in mind that he can be suited in all articles of the furniture line at the warehouses of Mr. Camp, Centre Hall.
—The Lewistown Gazette says that the poles have been contracted for to connect that town with Centre Hall by telephone.
—The Watchman says associate Judge Smith will move from Pine Grove Mills to Bellefonte in the Spring.
—New stock of woollens for men's wear, just received. All orders given for clothing up to March 1, will receive a special discount at the merchant tailoring department of the Bee Hive.
—If a well be poisoned, woe be to those who drink thereat. It is worse to poison the fountain of life for one's self, and for posterity. Often by carelessness, or misfortune, or inheritance, this has been done. Ayer's Sarsaparilla frees the blood, the vital stream, and restores appetite, strength and health.
—If you require anything in winter goods we recommend you to call at Valentin's Store Co., Ltd., who are selling all kinds of winter goods at COST.
—Mr. John Rishel, after his removal to our town, intends overhauling and improving the property (Shannon's) purchased by him.
—Doll & Mingle keep none but first class stock in boots and shoes; they have no goods manufactured to deceive, as is often found in shoe stores, and are always ready to warrant every pair of boots or shoes sold to be as represented. If you want the worth of your money and honest goods, buy your boots and shoes at Doll & Mingle's.
—Great mark down in clothing by Lewin & Co. of the Philad. Branch, to get rid of stock and make room for the spring trade. Now is your time for cheap men and boys' clothing. Take a bargain when you can get it in so necessary an article as clothing.
—Gentlemen taking part in the convention should wear white satin ties; we have them in common and duds shapes Garman's, Bush's Arcade.
—There is every hope of the recovery of Mrs. Jacob Hower, from whom a tumor was removed last week, as mentioned in our last issue. The tumor weighed 50 pounds, and the lady herself not weighing more than 100 pounds.
—Mr. Samuel Foust, who was seriously injured, at Milton, by being thrown from his sleigh against a post, mentioned in our last issue, has been brought to his home in Brushvalley, and is likely to get over his mishap, which was likely to be fatal.
—Smith's German Oil is not a liniment that gives temporary relief, but is taken internally, and drives rheumatism permanently out of the system.
—Boston has at last solved the servant girl question. An editor heard the following: "No," said Fozz, in reply to the person on the doorstep, "the lady of the house is not in. It is her evening out. But my wife is in; perhaps she might do as well." That fellow's head was even as well as his family groceries at Bellefonte.
—New stock of woollens for men's wear, just received. All orders given for clothing up to March 1, will receive a special discount at the merchant tailoring department of the Bee Hive.
—Parties that have grain to sell should be sure to sell it or call on the undersigned who will always pay the best market price, at Spring Mills and Cornburn. 110c/10m I. J. GRENOR.
—Good goods at bottom prices are bound to take. The key note of Garman's success.
—High waters now prevail on the rivers and low prices in suits at the Philadelphia Branch. Lewins & Co. have lived down all opposition and are the originators of low prices in clothing in this country.
—Read new public sales—front page.

CITIES UNDER WATER.

The Added Terrors of Famine and Want.

The Cry for Help Beginning to be Heard—Food Giving Out and Fuel Submerged—Business Prostrated.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 9.—The sudden fall in temperature with the prediction of colder weather coming, raises hope that the worst was over. This feeling was strengthened by reports from the water. The situation of the city, as affected by the flood, remains about the same but breaks on the Cincinnati, Washington and Baltimore at Athens and on the Pan Handle near Miami, temporarily involving, as it did, through travel, some what complicated the situation. Gas was furnished last night in limited pressure, but sixty-two and a half feet of water stopped the supply. The police aided the militia in guarding the city.
The villages between the city and the mouth of the Little Miami are in a deplorable condition, more than half their population being either driven from their homes or completely prostrated. Business is completely paralyzed. There are no words of consolation to offer in behalf of Newport, Lawrenceburg, Aurora or Cumminsville, all of them struggling to keep their heads above water, while the residents on the other side of the river are all driven from their homes. The fire department has made ample provision for fire in the submerged districts. Two large barges, each bearing a fire engine and a steam ferry boat or propeller in charge, to tow them to scenes of conflagration if any occur. As the flood continues to advance the situation becomes more distressing in the Mill creek bottom.
A broad expanse of yellow water stretches out on every hand, varied only by inundated buildings, floating drift and out-houses. The eighth street fill still remains a foot or so above water, but the sides are sliding in places. If it should give way a large loss of life must result, as it is thronged with people all the time. There is little change on the side of Mill creek.
At Lawrenceburg, Ind., the citizens are badly disheartened. Their fuel is in cellars under thirty feet of water. It would be hard to conceive a gloomier community than Lawrenceburg. The food supply is running short, and having no communication with the outside world except by a four-mile trip in a skiff, the citizens are becoming alarmed. The city is suffering. One-third of Newport is under water. The relief fund is exhausted and the mayor must call for outside relief.

The Situation at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 9.—The river is still rising about an inch an hour. All roads are running trains, but a foot more rise will render it necessary to transfer passengers from the Indiana end of the bridge by boats. The board of trade committee is distributing supplies by the life saving service. Sufficient subscriptions have been received to furnish supplies for two days.
In New Albany a majority of the industrial enterprises of the city are inundated. Local relief committees are active.
Jeffersonville is partly flooded, but no great damage as yet. If the floods which protect the town breaks, and they probably will, considerable loss of property and suffering will follow. A bill appropriating \$15,000 for the flood sufferers passed the Kentucky house today.

Streets Filled With Mud.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 9.—The waters of both rivers are still rapidly falling. As fast as possible the accumulated debris and ice is being cleaned from the various buildings and streets, and the city engines are engaged in pumping the water from the cellars of business houses and factories. The principal streets are now almost clear of water, but on all of them remain mud and filth of every description. It is feared that if this not promptly removed much sickness will result. The railroads are now in shape again, and announce that trains will arrive and depart at the usual time to-morrow.
A careful estimate of the losses by flood within the city places the figures at \$3,000,000.

BUSINESS AND LABOR TROUBLES

Workmen Resisting Reductions.—Some Involuntary Retirements.
FALL RIVER, Feb. 9.—The employees at the Barnaby Gingham mills, seeing a reduction of 13 per cent. posted struck in a body, formed a procession and marched, shouting and singing, to Star Music hall, where they held a meeting. This strike has no connection with the spinners' strike. The Barnaby mills were incorporated a few years ago and are new. The capital is \$300,000. They run 15,000 spindles and 500 looms, and make fine cotton colored goods. The employees are principally immigrants from Scotland.
DUBLIN, Feb. 9.—Three thousand ship-builders at Belfast have struck.
PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 9.—Sixty of the 100 cigar-makers employed by J. M. Partiano are on strike. It was brought about by an attempt to enforce a reduction of \$2 per thousand on certain kinds of work. One of the old hands refused to accept the reduction, and he was dismissed. Fifty-nine of the others immediately put on their coats and quit work.
FALL RIVER, Mass., Feb. 9.—At the annual meeting of the Mechanic Mills corporation the stockholders voted to shrink the capital \$200,000 by charging off that sum to depreciation.
WALTHAM, Mass., Feb. 9.—At the Waltham Watch factory there has been a cut down of 10 per cent. Ten men have been discharged and thirty more may have to go.
PITTSBURGH, Feb. 9.—When the Manchester Iron and Steel company failed, the Kilmarnock brothers took their mill and have been working ever since. Recently they got into difficulty with leased works at Moundsville, and had to get an extension from their creditors. It is now announced that they can no longer hold out against reverses and depressing times. The attorneys for various creditors have entered upon judgments against the Kilmarnocks to the extent of \$82,000.
NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Reports received in this city that the Albion Print works, of Philadelphia, have failed. They formerly failed in 1880 with liabilities at \$300,000, but their present liabilities and assets are not yet made public.
LEXINGTON, Ky., Feb. 9.—The assignment is announced of James A. Grinstead to John T. Shelby. No claims have yet been made, but the liabilities are probably about \$100,000; assets about \$20,000.

Death of a Well Known Lawyer.

SALEM, Mass., Feb. 9.—Stephen B. Ives, Jr., one of the best known members of the Essex bar is dead, aged fifty-six.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Monday, February 4.

Mr. De Mott, the defendant in the De Mott divorce suit, has sailed for Europe in the Italian steamship Gottardo.

Prince Jerome Napoleon has informed a Parisian delegation that the time has come for open agitation of the Bonapartist cause. It is believed that Mr. Blakeway, the abiding member of the firm of F. W. Thomas, Sons & Co., brokers, of London, has sailed for America.

J. W. Clark has filed a bill in the supreme court of Massachusetts, asking for the sale of the New York and New England Railroad company's property in that state, to pay its indebtedness.

The Paris National says that the Marquis Tseng has informed Earl Granville that he will not return to Paris unless he receives instructions from Peking to do so.

Tuesday, February 5.

N. J. Smith, the chief of the Cherokee in the Carolinas is visiting Washington. New Haven authorities prohibit the blowing of locomotive whistles within the city limits.

William Thompson, of Sparta, Ill., was fatally shot at a church door on Sunday by Leroy Smith.

An attempt to escape from Fort Jervis jail was the beginning of a tragedy. A prisoner was shot.

John Hogan rescued eight boys from drowning in the Schuylkill river. He is something of a hero.

A London dispatch announces the death of the eminent Danish preacher and theologian, Hans Larsen Martensen.

The steamship Bolivia reports passing the Guadalupe at anchor, disabled, off the Five Fathom Bank lightship, Delaware bay.

Senator Anthony has steadily gained in health since he went to Washington, and he is nearly in his normal condition of health.

Wednesday, February 6.

The grand chapter of royal arch masons of the state began its annual convocation in Albany yesterday morning.

Five members of the Salvation army were arrested in Paris yesterday morning, while selling their journals, The War Cry, charged with obstruction.

The controversy between the liberal and the conservative press of Russia regarding the funeral of Hier Lasker has grown in bitterness and intensity.

It is believed that the Crown Prince Frederick William has brought about a reconciliation between the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

Advices from Indian territory report the finding by herders of the body of a stock dealer of some prominence named Muron. It is supposed he was killed by Indians.

Secretary Frelinghuysen has ordered the arrest of Alexander Trumble, a Texan, charged with complicity in the Mexican National train robbery last November.

At the Parnell conference in Dublin nineteen members of Parliament were present. Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, member for Carlow county, presided. The session was held with closed doors.

Thursday, February 7.

Yence cutting in Texas has been made a felony.

The situation in the spinners' strike remains unchanged.

The public reception by the president called on the largest attendance at the White House this winter.

The senate has rejected the nomination of Paul Strobach as United States marshal for the middle district of Alabama.

The official investigation into the City of Columbus was continued yesterday. No testimony of importance was adduced.

Funeral services were held yesterday in Hamburg over the bodies of the Jeanette dead, which will leave to-day for the United States.

The New England Shipowners' association endorses the Dingley shipping bill with the exception of the section raising seamen's wages.

A number of Irish convicts, including the imprisoned Inevitable, are to be removed from English prisons by a man of war to a destination now unknown.

Parliament was formally opened yesterday by the queen's speech. In the house of lords the Marquis of Salisbury and in the commons the Hon. Richard Bourke led the opposition in the debate.

Friday, February 8.

The president has nominated Edward S. Tully to be postmaster at Boston.

Four men were killed and several injured by the falling walls of a burning building at Alleentown.

Ex-Gov. McCook, of Colorado, is confident that in his present shape, the Mexican treaty cannot be ratified.

It has been ascertained that the steamer Glencoe saw but refused to recognize the distress signals of the city of Columbus.

President Arthur gave an elaborate state dinner at the White House last evening to the representatives of foreign governments at Washington.

A. H. Rowland, clerk of the county court at Pittsburgh, charged with the embezzlement of \$41,000, was acquitted, and the costs were placed on the county.

The bill restricting the state of Ohio for congressional purposes became a law yesterday. It gives the Democrats twelve districts and the Republicans nine.

Inspector Thomas of the post office department has been ordered to arrest the postmaster at Abilene, Tex., a defalcation of \$1,500 having been found in his accounts.

Saturday, February 9.

Representative Brumm is still working to secure evidence in the Hewitt-O'Donnell case.

Suit has been begun by John Alling to recover \$10,000 damages from the Long Island railroad company for false imprisonment.

A. H. Rowland, clerk of the Allegheny county court, on trial charged with the embezzlement of \$40,000, was acquitted yesterday.

Five colored section hands were killed and fifteen wounded by a collision yesterday on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, near Morehead, Ky.

The committee on ways and means has agreed to grant hearings to representatives of various interests affected by the Morrison tariff bill.

This bill restricting the state of Ohio for congressional purposes became a law yesterday. It gives the Democrats twelve districts and the Republicans nine.

The pope has despatched a corner stone and a marble altar slab for the chapel to be erected at Cahirciveen, county Kerry, Ireland, in memory of Daniel O'Connell.

The striking silk weavers of Paterson yesterday appointed a committee to wait on their employers and make the best terms possible for the return of the strikers.

The Swiss naturalist, Arnold Guyot, Ph. D., LL. D., professor of geology and physical geography and senior professor of Princeton college, died at his residence yesterday, after a lingering illness, aged seventy years.

GRAND ARMY MEN

Of New York and Massachusetts

Electing Officers.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 1.—At the state encampment meeting the arsenal was densely crowded with veterans. Much routine business was transacted. A resolution denouncing the bill changing the pension laws now before congress, was adopted, as was resolution asking appropriation for the enlargement of the Soldiers' home at Bath. The department reports of the chaplain and inspector were read. The latter showed 225 posts were in excellent condition; 7 were bad, and the balance, upwards of 200, were in a fair state of efficiency.

At 11 A. M. the election of officers was proceeded with, the following being nominated: For department commanders, J. M. Hedges, Haverstraw; H. Clay Hall, Little Falls; John W. Jacobus, New York; John S. Avery, Auburn; and Nicholas W. Day, New York.

The first ballot resulted: Hedges, 245; Hall, 199; Day, 100; Avery, 80; Bruningshauser, 80.

On the third ballot, Ira M. Hedges was elected department commander.

The following officers were also elected: Second vice commander, L. P. Thompson, Phelps; junior vice commander, J. C. Cady, New York; chaplain, B. S. Ballou, Pike; medical director, John H. Dyer, council of administration, Theodore L. Poole, Syracuse; Herman Thann, New York; W. H. Bright, Utica; T. B. Johnson, Warsaw.

Twenty-six delegates and alternates to the national encampment were also elected. The selection of the next meeting place was left to the council of administration.

BOSTON, Feb. 1.—The annual convention of the Massachusetts department of the Grand Army or the Republic elected the following officers, 413 delegates being present: Commander, John D. Billings, of Canton; senior vice commander, John W. Hery, of Springfield; junior vice commander, Richard P. Tobin, of Cambridge; medical director, James Oliver, Jr., of Athol; chaplain, Richard H. Eddy, of Melrose.

A resolution was adopted requesting the commonwealth to prepare a more accurate list of the records of sailors who served during the war; another resolution that a state encampment be held during the coming summer was lost.

DE LONG AND HIS COMRADES

The Funeral Services to be Held in Trinity Church, New York.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 1.—Lieut. Ward, Com. modore Uphur's aide, is busily occupied making preparations for the reception of the bodies of De Long and his comrades. In view of the fact that some of the deceased were Catholics and some Protestants, the following resolutions were passed: Resolved, That we in this church, New York, and either to inter the remains with those of the late Lieut. De Long, at Woodlawn, or to hold them subject to your orders. Please indicate at your earliest convenience your preference in the above matter, and any other wishes you may have in this connection.

Very respectfully,
COMMODORE UPHUR.

The Seventh and Twenty-third regiments will act as escorts in the procession from the Battery to the equipment department in the navy yard, where the remains will be deposited temporarily. Commodore Uphur furnished the following list of the dead, together with the ages and birthplaces of the deceased:

Lieut. W. De Long, New York, 37 years, 7 months; James M. Ambler, Virginia, 35 years, 8 months; Jerome J. Collins, Ireland, 40 years, 4 months; Heinrich H. Kaack, Germany, 24 years, 4 months; Carl A. Gortz, Sweden, 27 years, 2 months; Adolph Dressler, born at sea, 24 years, 3 months; Walter L. Rhode Island, 41 years, 1 month; John J. Jarmon, Denmark, 38 years; George W. Boyd, Pennsylvania, 36 years, 3 months; Ah Sam, China, 29 years, 7 months.

A Bold Negro Robber.

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 30.—Intense excitement was raised on Sixth street, one of the most prominent thoroughfares of the city, by the robbery of S. Levin's jewelry store. The proprietor was absent and had left his wife in charge. She was in a rear room, and happened to hear a noise in the store, observed that the front door was open. She started to close it when she was confronted by a burly negro man who presented a revolver and drove her back into the room. After securing the door he made his escape, taking the value of \$1,500. An attempt had been made to open the inner door of the safe, but the noise attracted the attention of Mrs. Levin. Her screams attracted a large crowd in front of the store, but the thief escaped with his plunder.

The Coming National Agricultural Convention.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—At the national agricultural convention, to be held at the Grand Central hotel in this city on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6 and 7, under the auspices of the American Agricultural Association, also 14 acres of TIMBERLAND about miles south of the city. For further information apply to J. W. MERRINGER, 194 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Michael Ream, late of Potter twp., dec'd., having been granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement, 214 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a valuable homestead at private sale, situated about two miles west of Centre Hall, on the old Lewisburg road, consisting of a HOUSE, bank barn, wagon shed, outbuilding, 11 acres of ground, with the choicest of all kinds of fruit, and an excellent well water. The land is in a good state of cultivation, adjoining the Van Valkenburgh farm, near the Walnut valley road. Apply to W. W. WILSON, Centre Hall, Pa.

SPRING MILLS PROPERTY FOR SALE.—A house and lot near the station, at Spring Mills, is offered at private sale. The house is a two story frame; there are outbuildings and choice fruit on the lot. Also a well and running water. For further particulars apply to HANNAH HULLICK, Millsburg, Pa.

HOTEL STAND FOR SALE OR RENT.—The Stover hotel stand, at Bellefonte, is offered at private sale or for rent. The hotel is centrally located, and in good repair. Possession given on April first, next. For further information apply to B. F. STOVER, Bellefonte, Pa.

GARDEN GROWTH TEAS.—Fam'les can save about one-half by sending us for Teas, as we import our own, and have done so for forty years. THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN TEA CO. Send for circular, giving prices and full particulars, to ROBERT WILLY, President, P. O. Box 1287, 43 Vesey St., New York.

ONE DOLLAR'S worth of our own garden growth, China Japan Teas, sent by mail, post paid, or a larger quantity by express, charges paid. 1400m

How Watch Cases are Made.

(Continued from last week.)

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14-20 karats fine is soldered on each side of a plate of hard nickel composition metal, and the three are then passed between polished steel rollers. From this plate the various parts of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. are cut and shaped by dies and formers. The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engine-turning. The composition metal gives it needed strength, stiffness and solidity, while the written guarantee of the manufacturers warranting each case to wear twenty years proves that it contains all the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from actual results, as many of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth by years of use without wearing through the gold.

DENVER, La., Dec. 14, 1883. I have used one of your famous "Gold Watch Cases" for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand and know of its having been used before I got it, but do not know how long. It looks good for ten years longer. Did not suspect it was a faked case until so informed by a jeweler a short time since. I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be all they are represented to be, and more.

O. MCCRAKEN, Dep. Col. 1st Reg. 34 Ill. Invol. Res. 8 next day to Keystone Watch Case Factory, Philadelphia, Pa. for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how "Golden Bore" and Keystone Watch Cases are made. (To be Continued.)

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

Butter, 20c per lb. Lard, 12c per lb. Eggs, 25c per doz. Onions, 10c per bu. Potatoes, 5c per bu. Turnips, 5c per bu. Apples, 8c to 10c per bu. Celery, 50c per doz. Chickens, 10c per pair. Apple Butter, 15c per qt.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red, 95c Corn, 40c 60 Wheat, mix., 90c 60 (Corrected weekly by L. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 30c, eggs 30, ham 16 shoulders 13, sides 12½, lard 13, potatoes 55—by Valentines' Store.

MARRIED

At Bellefonte, on 7 inst. by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Wm. J. Patterson, of Bellefonte, and Miss Angeline Sellers, of Oak Hall.

DIED.

On February, at Spring Mills, John Lutz, aged 56 years. On 11, of apoplexy, near Woodward, John Halnes, aged 81 years, 2 months. At Bellefonte, on 6 inst., Henry Keller, Esq., aged 73 years, 3 days.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of a committee composed of members of the St. John's Reformed congregation and Sunday school of Bellefonte, Pa., held Feb. 11th the following preamble and resolutions were passed, viz: Whereas, God in His wise, good, yet inscrutable providence, has seen fit to call to his reward Elder Henry Keller, who also was, for many years, the superintendent and assistant superintendent of our Sunday School; therefore, Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to this sad dispensation of Providence, we bear testimony that the deceased was always ardent attached to his church, and faithful in the performance of his duties as a member and officer of the congregation and Sunday School. Resolved, That we kindly feel the loss which we have sustained, yet we comfort ourselves with the hope that our loss is his eternal gain. Resolved, That we extend our Christian sympathy to the bereaved family, and commend them to God—the source of all comfort and consolation. Resolved, That we will put this action on our record, transmit a copy of it to the afflicted family, and have it published in the "Messenger" and some of the county papers.

A. H. HORTSMAN, President, JOHN MYERS, Committee.

WANTED!

40,000 CROSS TIES.

White-oak, Rock-oak and Chestnut, to be delivered along the line of Lewisburg & Tyrone Railroad. For further information apply to Grove & Wolf at the saw-mill, or Wm. Wolf & Son, Centre Hall.

Great Reduction

AT SPRING MILLS, ...in all kinds of.....

WINTER GOODS, &c., &c., &c. such as

FLANNELS, OVERCOATS, ...Clothing, Hats, Caps,.....

Boots, Shoes All kinds of DRESS GOODS,

Notions, Hosiery, Gloves, etc., etc. Also in Syrups, Sugars.....

Teas, Coffees, etc., GLASS, CHINA & QUEENS WARE.

Also dealer in Grain, Coal and Plaster. 13feb4m J. D. LONG, Successor to Pealer & Long.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the following valuable real estate, in Potter township: 40 ACRES OF LAND, consisting of all clear and in a good state of cultivation. Thereon erected a two-story HOUSE, bank barn and all necessary outbuildings. All kinds of choice fruit, a never failing spring and running water. The land is in a good state of cultivation, adjoining the Van Valkenburgh farm, near the Walnut valley road. Apply to J. W. MERRINGER, 194 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

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